THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Kipling and the Kaiser

In his history of England Mr. Kipling is not at all reticent about airing his political opinions. He is a Greater Englander, he had no sympathy for the pro-Boer element, he is cordially enthusiastic over the French alliance, he deplores the lack of martial preparation in present day England, and he regards the German Kaiser and his ambitions with the same suspicion that he manifested years ago toward the Czar when he wrote "The Truce of the Bear." It is not his fault if he fails to inculcate similar opinions in young English minds. For example, in describing the Saxon Englishman, he tells us that this person was not quarrelsome by nature, and, indeed, when he had once settled down in Britain, he was much too apt, as his descendants are to-day, to neglect soldiering altogether. He forgot his noble trade of sailor, which had brought him to Britain, so completely that within two centuries his coasts were at the mercy of every sea-thief in Europe; and down the northeast wind the sea thieves were always coming. *England should always beware of a northeast wind. It blows her no good.*

Some Writers on Sports

There was a story told years ago by American newspaper men at the expense of the talented but erratic proprietor of a great newspaper to the effect that once, in a moment of aberration, he had cabled instructions that a certain member of the paper's staff be made managing editor, and the reigning managing editor deposed. His orders were obeyed and the new man occupied the exalted position—for just one day. The point of the story was that the person in question happened to be the baseball reporter, and in those days a baseball reporter was supposed to be an individual of a rather low order of intelligence, whose fund of knowledge rarely extended beyond box-scores and batting and fielding averages. If any one happened to mention Cæsar or Hannibal in his presence it was expected that he would comment: "Never heard of them. In which one of the minor leagues did they play? Or were they rah-rah boys?" In a word he was a continuation of a type which had come down from the days of Pierce Egan and his *Tom and Jerry in London.* and the strange sporting jargon which so delighted Harry Foker as he perused it in the columns of *Bell's Life.* There was very little written about amateur sports in the United States a generation ago, because amateur sport was something utterly beyond the comprehension of the men who were assigned to conduct the athletic department of our newspapers.

But all that has been very much changed. To-day there is probably as much good, clear cut English to be found in the sporting page of a high-class metropolitan newspaper as there is in the department of art and musical citicism and rather more, we should say, than in the literary page. The man who blazed the trail was Mr. Casper Whitney, who, twenty years ago, started the little paper called *The Week's Sport,* in which he showed readers that if a man knew his Horace, his Addison, and his Thackeray, his account of an intercollegiate track

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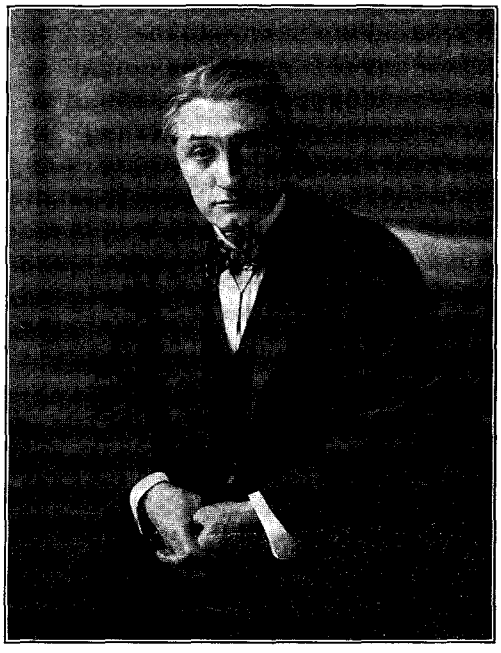
meet would be all the better for it. Later Mr. Whitney contributed to *Harper's Weekly* an admirable page under the head of "Amateur Sport;" then he was the editor of *Outing* for a number of years; and now he conducts the "Outdoor America" issue of *Collier's*. *The Week's Sport* was not many months old before other men of talent and education began to venture into the field. One of the first of these was Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who very early in the nineties went to England and wrote much for the American press about athletic diversions at Oxford and Cambridge. In December, 1893, there appeared in *Harper's Weekly* an account of the annual Yale-Princeton football game, then held at Manhattan Field in New York City, that was very widely discussed at the time, and that showed Mr. Davis's naïve descriptive power at its best. In this account Mr. Davis took the reader after the game to the dressing quarters of the Princeton eleven: "One of the Princeton coaches came into the room, and holding up his arm for silence, said: 'Boys, I want you to sing the Doxology.' And standing as they were, covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang

HUGH S. FULLERTON PROFESSIONALLY EMPLOYED



CASPAR WHITNEY. MR. WHITNEY WAS THE FIRST AMERICAN WRITER TO FIND A SUBJECT IN AMATEUR SPORT

the Doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely as they ever did in their lives." Mr. Davis is still a distinguished war correspondent, whether the field of hostilities be the Yalu or a roped ring at Reno, Nevada.

When we come to the present day there are a dozen, perhaps twenty men, who are entitled to very honourable mention. Formerly it was a case of men who knew sport trying to write and making a ludicrous bungle of the attempt. Now we have the trained writer finding a rich vein in the field of athletics. Mr. Rex Beach or Mr. Jack London is called upon to report the fight for the heavy weight championship, and though the latter may write at the top of his voice, and talk much of "abysmal brutes," and "cave men gnawing the bone," no one will seriously question the ability or the sound knowledge of the subject of either one of them. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams may not have a very profound knowledge of the mechanical mysteries of carbureters and cam shafts, but he can write easy

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C. E. VAN LOAN, AUTHOR OF "THE BIG LEAGUE"

English, and can see things with the trained journalist's eye, and his account of a Glidden Tour is certain to make very good reading. In most cases the men who write are the men who know. Probably two-thirds of our men novelists are enthusiastic followers of outdoor sport. Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, for example, knows the batting averages of the Chicago "Cubs" quite as well as he does the intrigues of the court at Graustark.

In these days, at least one article dealing with some phase of professional baseball seems to be considered a necessary feature of an issue of a general magazine. A few years ago the best baseball article ever written would have had little or no chance of appearing between magazine covers. The subject was considered *infra dig.* Two or three months hence Mr. Walter Camp will be contributing football "specials" to most of the periodicals, with a profound knowledge of his subject, and a conspicuous absence of literary perception. Among the men writing baseball to-day the name of Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton should, we think, have first mention. Mr. Fullerton has been a baseball reporter of the best type for years, and although he has been quoted as saying that he wants to stop "covering big league ball" and settle down to write novels like those of Mr. William J. Locke, the wish implies no disloyalty to the subject that he had made so thoroughly his own. We have read every one of the articles that has appeared in the series that Mr. Fullerton has been contributing to the *American Magazine* during the last two years. The fact that we have been at times just a little bit sceptical about "grooves," and "angles," and signals that are changed ten times in thirty seconds in the scheme of attack and defence, has not in the least marred our appreciation of the general interest and excellence of these articles.

Then there is the gentleman who, as "Right Wing," writes comment on sport

HERBERT REED. ("RIGHT WING" OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST.") MR. REED'S ARTICLES HAVE WON THE APPRECIATION OF DISCRIMINATING READERS

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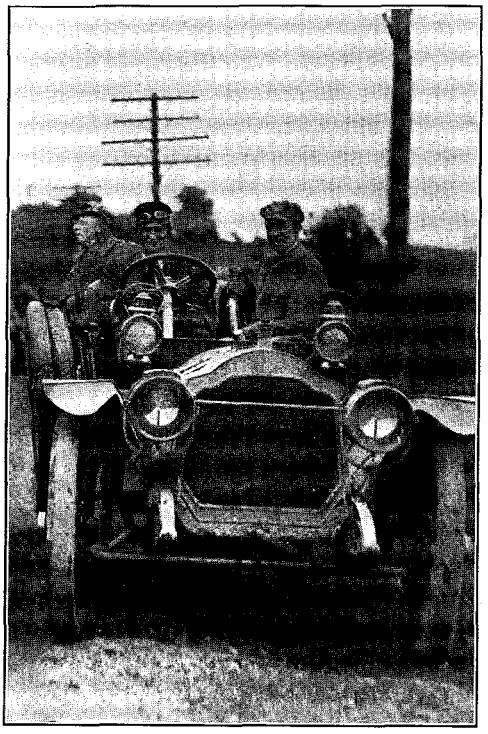
ing matters in the columns of the New York *Evening Post*. "Right Wing" is at times an exceedingly lyrical sort of person, with a gift of apparently unconscious hyperbole that probably impresses profoundly the undergraduates, but provokes a grin from the seasoned reader. But for all that he is a talented and effective writer, who brings to his work an easy, colloquial style, and a very thorough knowledge of all the subjects that he is called upon to discuss. Then, too,



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS (TO THE RIGHT OF THE DRIVER) ON A GLIDDEN TOUR. MR. WILLIAMS'S RECENT ARTICLE ON "THE NEWSPAPER SCHOOL" IS QUOTED IN PART

he possesses an unusual faculty of seeing things that escape the attention of the average onlooker, and in his three-column comment on a college baseball game, a duel, a meet on the track, a race on the Thames, the Hudson, or Lake Carnegie, or the final of a golf tournament, there is rarely a superfluous line. Newspaper men, working anonymously, and doing really good work, seldom receive anything like the full meed of appreciation that is due them, and recognition of "Right Wing's" judgment, impartiality, and ability is far from being a waste of space. He is, in his own particular field —a minor field, perhaps—carrying on the best traditions of American journalism.

When we come to the men who are using athletics as material for fiction we are inclined to exclaim, with Mr. Squeers, "Such richness!" There was a time when the story of the cricket game in *Tom Brown at Rugby* stood out as almost an isolated case. Nowadays it would astonish us to find a book designed for boys in which the scenes for the big situations were not laid on the diamond, the cinder path, the gridiron, or the water. How many books constructed on athletic foundations has Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour written? Or that excellent workman, Mr. Ralph Paine? Where can one find a more vivid picture of a football game, or a more stirring interpretation of its spirit, than the account of the battle between the school elevens of Andover and Lawrenceville in Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Varmint?* In Mr. Jack London's *The Game* there was the very breath of the prize ring. A new volume of stories about baseball can be expected every week. We read one the other day by Mr. C. E. Van Loan, entitled *The Big League*. The stories were good, but not astonishing. Mr. Van Loan has resorted to one of the oldest tricks known in the writing of fiction. If you are a follower of professional baseball you will read the tales not only for their own sake, but because they offer you the additional zest of identifying the real characters. In some cases this is comparatively easy. No one will be long puzzled in deciding whom the author had in mind when he wrote the story of "The Fresh Guy," or what team was meant by the "Gamecocks" of early days, or who was the original of the pitcher presented in this book as Joe Corbin, or that other pitcher who was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf as "Iron Man McFinnity."

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, by the way, wrote for a recent number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, a monthly pub-

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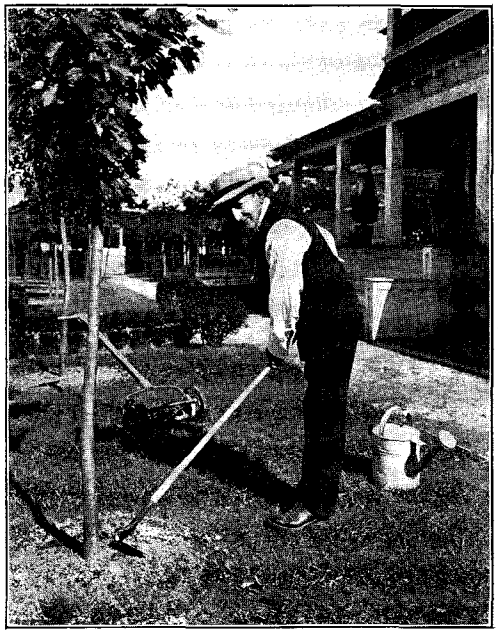
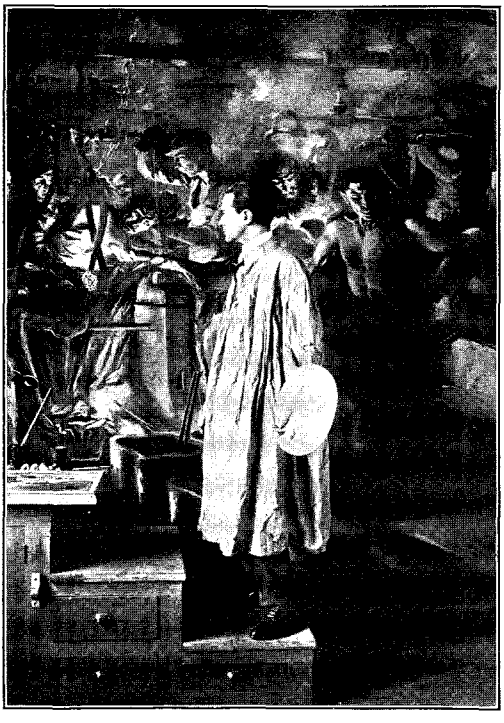
lication conducted by the Senior Class of Princeton University, a paper on "The Newspaper School," which impresses us as being very much out of the usual. In this paper Mr. Williams makes some very shrewd observations. For example, he finds that the trouble with professors of literature as teachers of writing is that they know too much about writing. The advice they give is more likely to benefit the professional writer than the amateur. They are the judges of the finished product. Theirs is the point of view of the consumer, not the producer. He goes on to elucidate:

A gourmet can tell you all about *Filet de sole au vin blanc.* He can tell more *about* it, perhaps, than Marguery himself, the Boulevard restaurateur who was decorated by the French Government for his success with that *chef d'œuvre* of his distinguished art. The gourmet who eats it could tell you about the history of *Filet de sole au vin blanc,* what Louis XIV said about it, if he ever said anything about it; could discourse upon its sources and sauces; the influences of other chefs on Marguery's style, its ingredients and their proportions; the success of the finished product when done right, the reasons for failure when done wrong—all scholarly, all interesting and all appetising. But he could not teach you how to cook it, to save his dinner, unless he had gone into the kitchen and practised for years.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. ARTHUR HORNBLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE GAMBLERS," IN HIS COUNTRY HOME AT AVON BY THE SEA, NEW JERSEY



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. EVERETT SHINN
Courtesy of Brown Brothers

Jack London's Correspondents

Three or four years ago the BOOKMAN published a series of short articles entitled "Author's Letter Boxes." An interesting contribution to this subject is found in an early chapter of Jack London's *The Cruise of the Snark.* The prospective journey had been very widely exploited by the newspapers, and every mail brought to the author letters from applicants who wished to share the adventurous cruise. Ninety per cent. of the volunteers offered to work in any capacity, and ninety-nine per cent. offered to work without salary. The possession of a "passionate fondness for geography," was the way one applicant expressed the wander-lust

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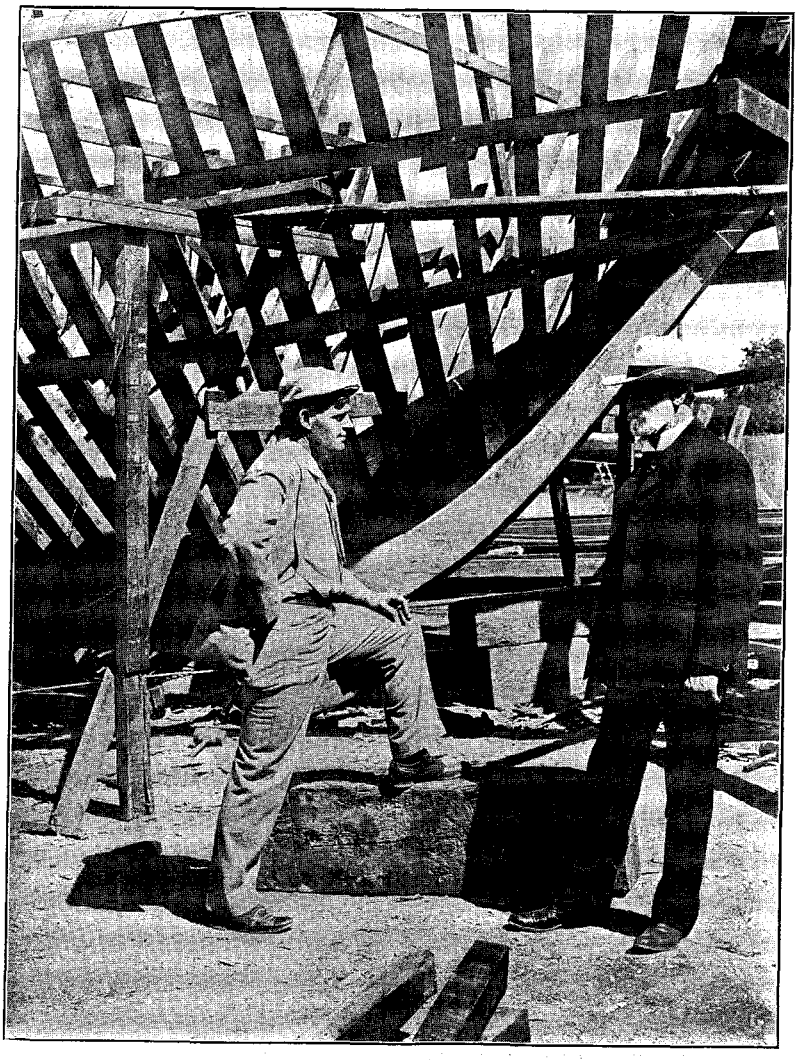
that was in him. Another wrote, "I am cursed with an eternal yearning to be always on the move, consequently this letter to you." A third said he wanted to go "because his feet itched." Almost all of the applicants wanted Mr. London to telegraph, at their expense, his acceptance of their services; and quite a number offered to put up a bond to guarantee their appearance on sailing date.

A number of the applicants seemed to have vague ideas about the work to be done on the *Snark;* as, for instance, the one who wrote: "I am taking the liberty of writing you this note to find out if there would be any possibility of my going with you as one of the crew of your boat to make sketches and illustrations." Several offered to serve, as one of them phrased it, "as assistant in filing materials collected for books and novels." One man gave the following qualifications: "I am an orphan living with my uncle, who is a hot revolutionary Socialist and who says a man without the red blood of adventure is an animated dish rag." Said another: "I can swim some,



JACK LONDON AT THE BUILDING OF THE "SNARK." BEFORE THE "SNARK" SAILED MR. LONDON WAS DELUGED WITH APPLICATIONS FROM VOLUNTEERS FOR THE VOYAGE

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though I don't know any of the new strokes. But what is more important than strokes, the water is a friend of mine." "If I was put alone in a small boat, I could get her anywhere I wanted to go," was the qualification of a third—and a better qualification than the one that followed, "I have also watched the fish boats unload." The applicants included men and women from every walk in life. Physicians, surgeons, and dentists offered in large numbers to go along and, like all the professional men, offered to go without pay, to serve in any capacity, and to pay, even, for the privilege of so serving.

There was no end of compositors and reporters who wanted to go, to say nothing of experienced valets, chefs, and stewards. Civil engineers were keen on the voyage; "lady" companions galore cropped up for Mrs. London; while Mr. London was deluged with the applications of would-be private secretaries. Fathers and sons wanted to go and many men with their wives. For example: "I thought I would drop you a line of inquiry as to the possibility of making the trip with you, am twenty-four years of age, married and broke, and a trip of that kind would be just what we are looking for." Legion was the young woman stenographer who wrote: "Write immediately if you need me. I shall bring my typewriter on the first train." One applicant who rather puzzled Mr. London said: "I can assure you that I am eminently respectable but find other respectable people tiresome." A touching sacrifice that the author could not accept was: "I have a father, a mother, brothers and sisters, dear friends and a lucrative position, and yet I will sacrifice all to become one of your crew." Another volunteer pointed out that "to go in the ordinary boat, be it schooner or steamer, would be impracticable, for I would have to mix among and live with the ordinary type of seaman, which as a rule is not a clean sort of life." Then there was the young man of twenty-six, who had "run through the gamut of human emotions," and had "done everything from cooking to attending Stanford University," and who, at the time of writing, was "a vaquero on a fifty-five thousand acre range."

Oppenheim Plays Baseball

While he was visiting in Boston, E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English author, attended the annual outing of the Papyrus Club. Besides witnessing a mock coronation of King George and Queen Mary, Mr. Oppenheim was induced to play third base for the "Piccadilly Pets, Ltd.," in their baseball game with the "Bunker Hill Beauties." This was Mr. Oppenheim's first experience with the great American game, and he introduced some original

ideas. In base running, instead of touching the base with his foot, according to league rules, he gracefully reached down and gently tapped the bag with his fingers. Some one asked him what position he was playing—he was then half way between third base and the home plate. "Cover point, I believe," was his reply. The "Piccadilly Pets, Ltd." were badly beaten, but the English novelist took sweet revenge by defeating the Papyrus Club champion at golf.

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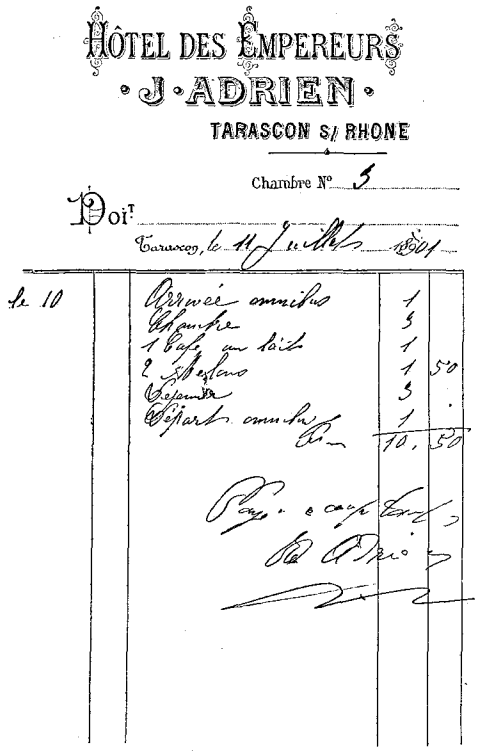
HÔTEL DES EMPEREURS
J. ADRIEN
TARASCON S/ RHONE

Chambre N° 5

Doit

Tarascon, le 11 Juillet 1901

le 10	Arrivée omnibus	1	
	Chambre	3	
	1 Café au lait	1	
	2 Absinthes	1	50
	Déjeuner	3	
	Départ omnibus	1	
		10.	50

A PILGRIM'S SOUVENIR

Imagine the illustrious Tartarin of Tarascon starting for Port Tarascon for the purpose of being a king, chartering the good ship *Pinafore,* and employing such members of the Gilbertian crew as, say, Dick Dead Eye, and the Bum-Boat woman, and Ralph, and you have the atmosphere of Alphonse Courlander's *Uncle Polperro.* Tartarin in this tale is James Polperro, a retired candy manufacturer of great wealth and vivid imagination. The Duc de Mons is a certain Major Bragada whom Polperro meets in the reading room of the Grand Hotel in Paris. The Port Tarascon which Bragada buys for the gullible retired tradesman from a certain Monsieur Jenairien—mark the name—is in the South Pacific seas, and like the isle of the Daudet story is in reality a British possession. H.M.S. *Pinafore,* originally known as the *Prancing Lizzie,* is rechristened the *Dje-mi-mêh,* which, when you look at it closely, is only a very common name fantastically spelled. On this boat Uncle Polperro, accompanied by a nephew and a niece, and his comic opera crew, steams away from the East Indian Docks, toward the lands of Romance. A whimsical, entertaining yarn.

Tartarin on the "Pinafore"

Speaking of the illustrious Tartarin, we are reproducing a pilgrim's souvenir of the "Grand Hotel des Empereurs," where the great man was wont to go and dine in state, attended by Bompard and Bravida and Bézuquet and Pascalon and even the jaundiced and insidious Costecalde and all the rest of the merry company of Cap-poppers and Alpunsts and Colonists. The Hotel of the Emperors is a tiny French inn of the type so common in the little towns of Provence. Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Tarasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more magniloquent than "Emperor" it probably would have been something else. But the Hotel of the Emperors it was and is, and the literary pilgrim is prepared to say that the *dejeuner* mentioned in the accompanying bill was one that would have been found adequate by Sancho Panza Tartarin himself.

Belated Discoveries

Among the new and forthcoming Italian publications, the following is announced by the house of Fratelli Treves, of Milan: *La Fiera di Vanità, Un Romanzo senza Eroe,* per W. M. Thackeray." In other words, Italy has at last discovered the author of *Vanity Fair.* As a matter of fact, English fiction of the better sort has been pretty thoroughly neglected by the Italians, so far as translations are concerned. A conscientious search through the publishers' lists furnishes at least negative proof that no one has thought it worth while to make Richardson accessible to them, or Fielding or Smollett. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey,* on the other hand, has been translated three separate times, but not *Tristram Shandy,* excepting for a few specimen chapters. There is no Italian version of Charles Reade, of Trollope, nor, excepting for *Richard Feverel,* of Meredith. Dickens

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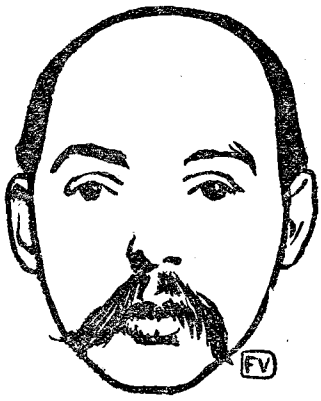
has been treated rather better: *Our Mutual Friend, Little Dorrit* and *David Copperfield* have severally found translators, and there are numerous special editions of *The Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Thackeray, oddly enough, has been persistently ignored, a circumstance all the more strange when one remembers that many of his novels have been translated into French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish and even Hungarian—and in the latter case pretty thoroughly disguised as to title: you have to look more than once at such a cryptic name as *Hiúság Vasara,* before suspecting that it is simply the Magyar equivalent of *Vanity Fair.* So far as the records show, there is just one other Thackeray translation in the whole history of Italian book-making; and that was another version of *Vanity Fair,* privately printed thirty years ago and sold only for the benefit of the Margherita of Savoy Hospital for the Blind.

The Italians by no means have a monopoly of belated discoveries. The French have just waked up to the fact that America once produced an author by the name of Stephen Crane; and *The Red Badge of Courage,* or as it is called in the French version *La Conquête de Courage,* is receiving enthusiastic appreciation from the reviewers. "It seems to me," writes the critic of *La Revue,* "that since the patriotic novels of Erckmann-Chatrian and the great Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Paul Adam's *Bataille d'Uhde,* nothing has been written more impressive and convincing." The translation, by the way, is the joint product of Henri Davray and the well-known poet, Vielé-Griffin, who, it will be remembered, is an American by birth and brother of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

Benson's "Ruskin"

For some years past we have forborne to comment in these columns on a new book by Mr. A. C. Benson, because his writings followed each other with such wonderful rapidity and were so much alike that we caught, like him, the habit of saying the same thing over again. After *The Upton Letters,* and *From a College Window,* and



VIELÉ-GRIFFIN

Beside Still Waters, and *The Altar Fire,* we settled down into the same routine and damned each successive volume almost as monotonously as he wrote them. That, by the way, bears witness to the peculiar and pervasive influence of Mr. Benson's style. The critic who starts to curse soon falls a-crooning. And so sure has Mr. Benson always been of this immunity, that on one occasion when a critic actually roused himself in the midst of Mr. Benson's limpid and purling runnings-on sufficiently to write critically, the astonished and indignant author published a letter in the *Times* or some other august organ, asking, "Why do you slap my face in public?" Now, for the first time in many years, Mr. Benson has published a book which one can read without being propped up on a pillow. The reason why his little volume on *John Ruskin* departs so far from his usual manner is because it was prepared in the form of lectures. It consists of seven lectures delivered in the Hall of Magdalene College, Oxford, during the Michaelmas of 1910.

"I had intended vaguely," says Mr. Benson, "to recast them in a more formal shape; not because they were not carefully compiled and composed, but because they were written as lectures to be heard and not as a book to be read. But I found on reflection that this would entail rewriting the whole book on an entirely different scheme."

He found his gently snoring literary style was unsuited to a lecture. He had to face his hearers and they were sitting

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upon chairs. It is impossible to read any of Mr. Benson's later books and remain sitting in a chair. We have tried it and it is torture.

He calls these sensible, straightforward talks on Ruskin "A Study in Personality," and though there is nothing either novel or interesting in his own point of view, he has brought together from accessible sources a good deal of material of an intimate sort. For example, he quotes the following letter to Rossetti:

> You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad, and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and *very* resentful; on the other side I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust, never wilfully did an unkind thing, and never in little or large matters depreciated another that I might raise myself. I believe I once had affections as warm as most people; but partly from evil chance and partly from foolish misplacing of them, they have got tumbled down and broken to pieces. . . . I have no friendships and no loves. . . . My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading and making people happy (if I can consistently with my own comfort). And I *take* these pleasures.

Mr. Benson does not comment on this. A less judicial mind than Ruskin's one can scarcely imagine. Yet in his frequent essays in self-analysis he loved to call himself just. In the letters to Charles Eliot Norton, published a few years ago, he declared that he owed all the power he possessed to his "stern regard for facts." At almost the same moment he was saying that our Civil War was of no more significance than a battle between "red and black ants." Ruskin was never so preposterous as when giving an account of his own character. There have been few intellects to whom Browning's line better applies:

> The fact looks to the mind as the mind likes the look.

and at the very moment he was swearing allegiance to the pure white light of truth facts would take on all the colours of the rainbow. But Mr. Benson does not go into this intricate matter. In popular lectures, it is necessary to simplify human nature.

In the above letter Ruskin calls himself resentful, but he showed little of Tennyson's resentment against his critics, and he even went out of his way to give publicity to their attacks. For instance, in *Fors Clavigera* he included a number of hostile and even abusive letters that had been written to him as parts of it appeared. On the other hand, he could retort on an impertinent critic with equal rudeness. For example, *à propos* of *Fors Clavigera* some one wrote to him:

> As you disparage so much iron and its manufacture, may it be asked how your books are printed and how is their paper made? Probably you are aware that both printing and paper-making machines are made of this material.

Ruskin answered him after his kind:

> SIR: I am indeed aware that printing and paper-making machines are made of iron. I am aware also that ploughshares and knives and forks are. And I am aware, which you certainly are not, that I am writing with an iron pen. And you will find in *Fors Clavigera,* and in all my other writings which you may have done me the honour to read, that my statement is that things which have to do the work of iron should be made of iron, and things which have to do the work of wood should be made of wood; but that (for instance) hearts should not be made of iron, nor heads of wood—and this last sentence you may wisely consider when next it enters into yours to ask questions.

Coronation Honours

If we are to judge by the distribution of honours in connection with the coronation of George V in June, literature is very lightly considered by the advisers of the new English king. Certain men who have written books have been decorated, not because they are writers, but because they are

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something else. For example, the Duke of Argyle gets a Garter, Lord Reay a Thistle, Lord Crewe a Marquisate, Lord Rosebery the Earldom of Midlothian, and Lord Curzon another Earldom. But not because these gentlemen have written books. Some Knighthoods have been distributed sparingly among men of letters. Sidney Lee, the Shakespearian scholar, has been made Sir Sidney in recognition of his work on the Dictionary of National Biography. Other new literary knights, so called, are Dr. A. W. W. Dale, Dr. Arthur Evans, Professor Walter Raleigh, Dr. Sandys, and John Rhys. We shall have to wait some time longer for an opportunity to applaud Baron Kipling of Rottingdean, Baron Hardy of Dorches-

Ethelred the Unready causes an Obstruction at a Tube Booking Office.

Caxton is overcome by one of the familiar Objects of our Streets.

Richard III., having offered his Kingdom for a Horse, can get nothing but a Taxi.

Dan Chaucer unfortunately misses the Canterbury Excursion Train.

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"

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ter, or Sir George Bernard Shaw of London and the world at large.

Matters are even more disappointing than at the coronation of Edward VII nine years ago. Then knighthoods were bestowed upon Arthur Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Leslie Stephen and F. C. Burnand. But Doyle was honoured not because he was an admirable story teller and a masterly literary workman but on account of his *Great Boer War*, in which he defended the policy of the British Government in South Africa. It was the Canadian and the Member of the House of Commons and not the author of *The Right of Way* who received recognition in the knighting of Gilbert Parker. No-

Sir Walter Raleigh offers Queen Elizabeth a Pair of Rubbers.
(Tableau arranged by the Bolumbia Rubber Syndicate.)

Lady Godiva rides through Coventry.
(Tableau arranged by the Bio-cinematographic Co.)

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"

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body seemed to know why F. C. Burnand was knighted, and Leslie Stephen owed his honours to the fact that he was President of the Ethical Society.

However, there is substantial recognition of literary men, past and present, in "Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment," which was the feature of the Coronation number of London *Punch*. In fact, literary persons seem to have the lion's share of this performance. M. Maeterlinck is represented as being one of the conductors of a bee fight arranged for their Majesties' entertainment. Mr. Walkley of the *Times* delivers a dissertation in Attic Greek with a French accent. T. P. O'Connor appears as one of a team

William Shakspeare dictates two Plays and a Sonnet simultaneously.
(Tableau arranged by the Express Typewriting Bureau.)

Eleanor of Castile inoculates Edward of England against the Effects of Poisoned Daggers, Arrows, etc.
(Tableau arranged by Sir Almroth Wright.)

MR. PUNCH'S GALA VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

From London "Punch"

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MAURICE HEWLETT AS CHIEF JONGLEUR

of Irish back-chat comedians. Maurice Hewlett, in the garb of a troubadour, sitting on the back of a lion, is pictured as Chief Jongleur. George Moore is making the occasion an opportunity for exploiting his wares

For every ill my novels find a cure;
Don't hesitate to send and ask for Moore.

GEORGE MOORE MODESTLY CALLS ATTENTION TO SOME OF HIS OWN BOOKS

While George Bernard Shaw is shown wearing elaborate tights, beating a sort of sublimated tom-tom and announcing:

Monarch or peasant, 'tis the same to me:
Counsel for both I've ready—fluent, free.

MR. SHAW STRIVES TO EVADE PUBLICITY

Shaw's Formula

In his preface to *Three Plays by Brieux,* George Bernard Shaw tells how to write a popular play. First, he says, you "have an idea" for a dramatic situation. If it strikes you as a splendidly original idea, whilst it is in fact as old as the hills, so much the better. For instance, the situation of an innocent person convicted by circumstances of a crime may always be depended on.

If a young officer, he must be convicted of selling information to the enemy, though it is really a fascinating female spy who has ensnared him and stolen the incriminating document. If the innocent wife, banished from her home, suffers agonies through her separation from her children, and when one of them is dying (of any disease the dramatist chooses to inflict) disguises herself as a nurse and attends it through its dying convulsion until the doctor, who should be a serio-comic character, and if possible a faithful old admirer of the lady's, simultaneously announces the recovery of the child and the discovery of the wife's innocence, the success of the play may be re-

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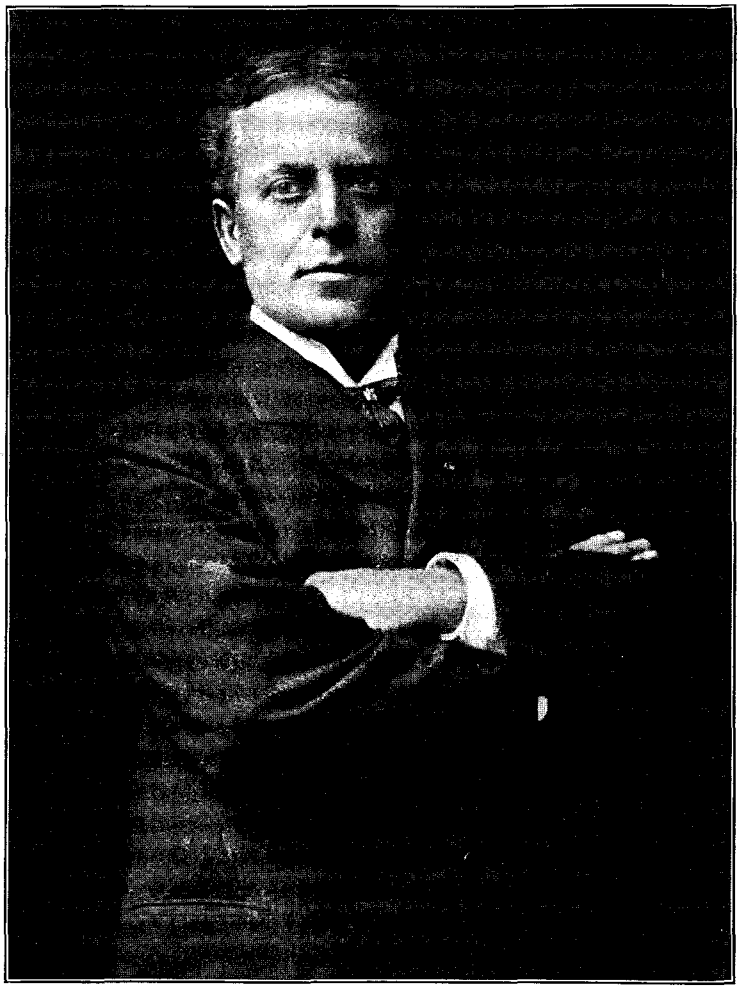
garded as assured if the writer has any sort of knack for his work. Comedy is more difficult, because it requires a sense of humour and a good deal of vivacity; but the process is essentially the same; it is the manufacture of a misunderstanding. Having manufactured it, you place its culmination at the end of the last act but one, which is the point at which the manufacture of the play begins. Then you make your first act out of the necessary introduction of the characters to the audience, after elaborate explanations, mostly conducted by servants, solicitors, and other low-life personages (the principals must all be dukes and colonels and millionaires), of how the misunderstanding is going to come about. Your last act consists, of course, of clearing up the misunderstanding and generally getting the audience out of the theatre as best you can.

In the eyes of Mr. Shaw, Brieux, since the death of Ibsen, is the most important dramatist west of Russia. In that kind of comedy which is not only an entertainment but a history and a criticism of contemporary morals, Shaw considers him the greatest writer France has produced since Molière. There is, of course, the



EUGÈNE BRIEUX

M. Brieux is one of the most striking literary figures in contemporary Europe. George Bernard Shaw hails him as the greatest dramatist west of Russia, and the most important French dramatist since Molière.

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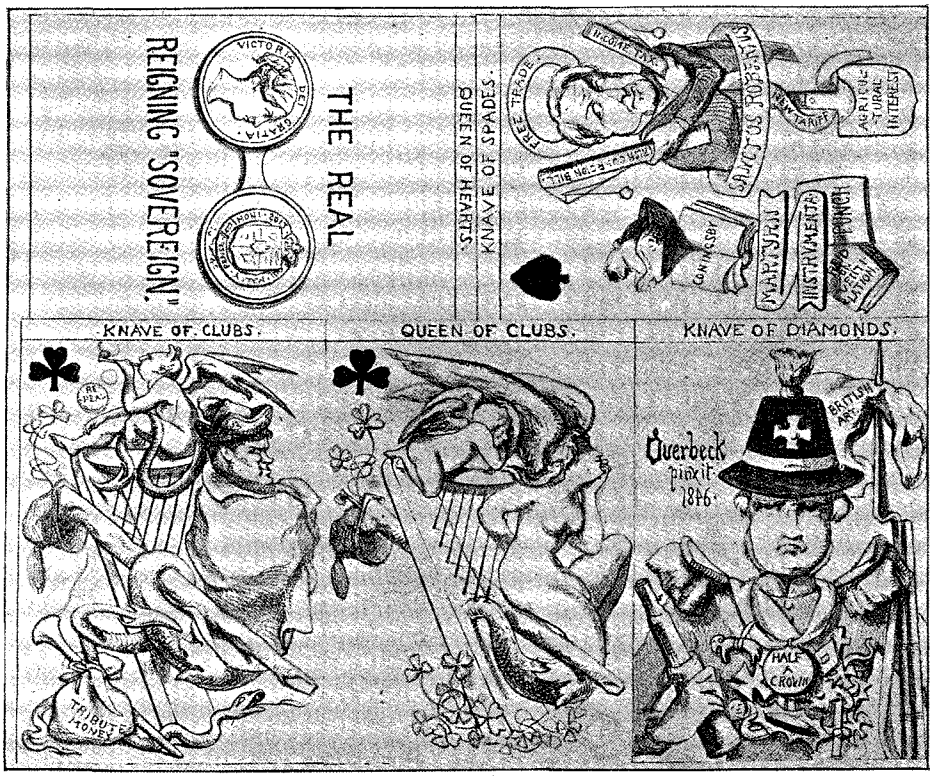
name of Beaumarchais. But our Irish friend contends cynically that the French critics have never read Beaumarchais, and therefore do not know how very little of him there is to read, and how, out of the two variations he wrote on his once famous theme, the second is only a petition in artistic and intellectual bankruptcy. "Had the French theatre been capable of offering a field to Balzac," writes Mr. Shaw, "my proposition might have to be modified. But as it was no more able to do that than the English theatre was to enlist the genius of Dickens, I may say confidently that in that great comedy which Balzac called 'the comedy of humanity,' to be played for the amusement of the gods rather than for that of the French public, there is no summit in the barren plain that stretches from Mount Molière to our own times until we reach Brieux."

Mr. Shaw apparently has little respect for the literary and artistic perception of the French public. Paris he characterises as "easily the most prejudiced, old-fashioned, obsolete-minded city in the west of Europe." When she produces great men she certainly does not do it by halves, but there is nothing she hates more than a Frenchman of genius. Mr. Shaw cannot understand why they made Brieux an Academician instead of starving him to death and then giving him a statue. "Can it be that in his early days," he suggests, "before he could gain his living by the theatre, he wrote a spelling book, or delivered a course of lectures on the use of pure line in Greek design? To suppose that they did it because he is a great man is to imply that they know a great Frenchman when they see him, which is contrary to all experience. They never know until the English tell them."



A SERIES OF "COMIC COURT CARDS"

With two exceptions these drawings are now published for the first time. The portraits will be readily identified. The King of Hearts is Shakespeare; King of

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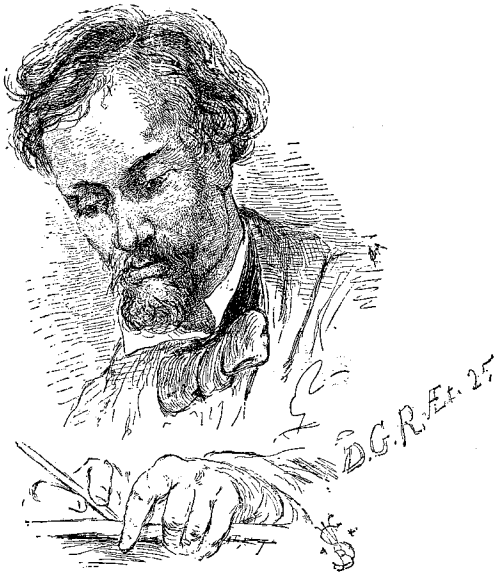
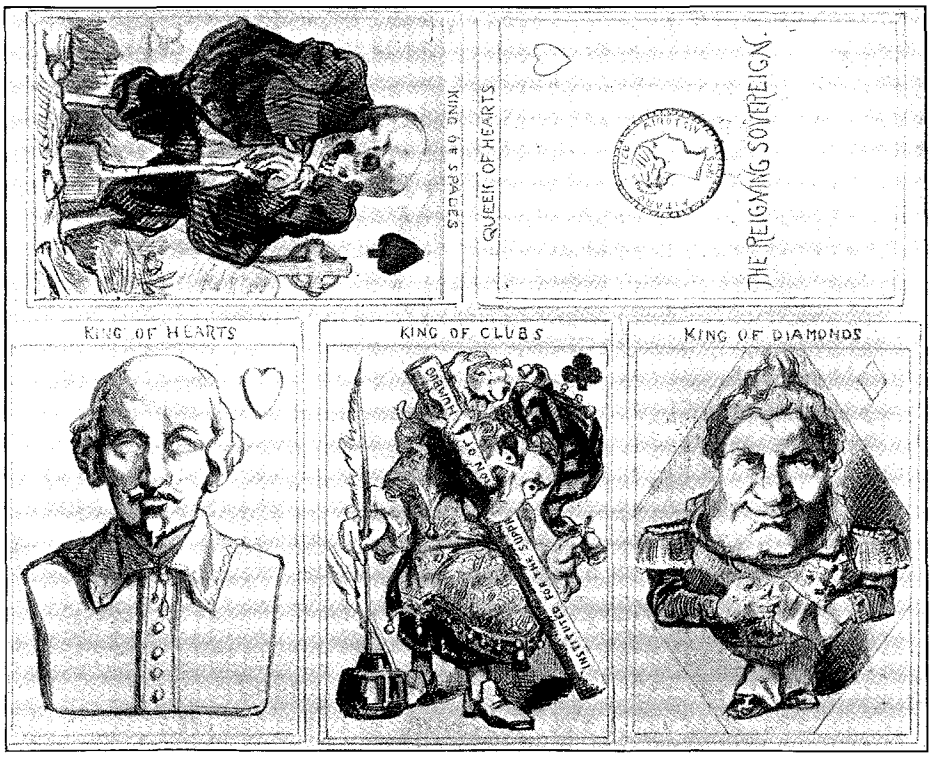
Mr. Shaw is characteristically iconoclastic in the paragraphs in which he writes of the difference between Brieux and Molière and Shakespeare. For example, we have been taught to regard *Tartufe* and *Le Misanthrope* as representing the highwater mark of Molière's genius. But Mr. Shaw professes to consider *Le Misanthrope* to be Molière's dullest and worst play. It is "like *Hamlet* in two respects. The first, which is that it would have been much better if it had been written in prose, is merely technical and need not detain us. The second is that the author does not clearly know what he is driving at. *Le Festin de Pierre,* Molière's best philosophic play, is as brilliant and arresting as *Le Misanthrope* is neither the one nor the other." G. B. S. thinks Brieux's task larger than Molière's. "Molière destroyed the prestige of those conspiracies against society which we call the professions, and which



D. G. ROSSETTI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE
From an etching by William Bell Scott.



DRAWN BY ROSSETTI IN 1846

Diamonds, Louis Philippe; Knave of Diamonds, the Prince Consort; and the Knave of Spades, Sir Robert Peel. (Lent by Mr. William Michael Rossetti.)
From the London "Sketch."

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JOHN BURROUGHS AND WALTER H. PAGE AT THE DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY RECEPTION

thrive by the exploitation of idolatry. He unmasked the doctor, the philosopher, the fencing master, the priest. He ridiculed their dupes: the hypochondriac, the academician, the devotee, the gentleman in search of accomplishments. He exposed the snob; he showed the gentleman as the butt and creature of his valet, emphasising thus the inevitable relation between the man who lives by unearned money and the man who lives by weight of service. Beyond bringing this latter point up to a later date Beaumarchais did nothing. But Molière never indicted society. Burke said that you cannot bring an indictment against a nation; yet within a generation from that utterance men began to draw indictments against whole epochs."

Well-staked Claims

A good deal has been written from time to time about the names of heroines in fiction and their relative popularity with authors—as for instance, whether there are more Marys or Kates in English novels than there are Marthas or Josephines; and whether certain names have any direct connection with certain types of women, either physically or temperamentally—in other words, whether the moment an author tells you that his heroine's name is Lily you have the right to assume that she is of the flaxen-haired type with a beguiling trick of a side-long glance; or if she happens to be Charlotte, that she has abundant black curls and a rather quick temper. It is astonishing how much harmless amusement can be derived from just this sort of idle conjecture about which no two people will ever by any chance quite agree, because of course our opinions are all predetermined by the more or less concrete image of some particular Lily or Charlotte that we have personally known. But there is one point regarding the names of heroines in fiction which we do not remember having anywhere seen mentioned: and that is that certain names, however frequent they may or may not have been at an earlier period become, as it were, the exclusive property of some one novelist and

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN AT THE DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY RECEPTION

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henceforth are by a sort of tacit consent avoided by other writers. This apparently unimportant little fact in reality constitutes one of the hall-marks of the really great novelist. Your second and third rate writers can go on eternally giving us an unending array of Mamies and Bessies, Gladyses and Gwendolyns without ever by any chance making us feel that we are debarred from an equally free use of these same names. But when a Shakespeare creates once for all the type of an Ophelia or a Desdemona it would take a pretty bold novelist to try to interest us in the career of a Miss Desdemona Smith or a Miss Ophelia Robinson. There have of course been numerous Mollys in later English fiction—even the present generation of readers has not quite forgotten the Duchess and *Molly Bawn*—but we do not recall any serious piece of fiction in which the leading character bore the name of Moll since Defoe preëmptied it in *Moll Flanders*. Clarissa and Pamela are still the personal property of Richardson, just as Belinda is of Miss Edgeworth and Rowena of Scott. Beatrice is not an uncommon name in fiction; but has any one ventured to use the variant form of Beatrix since it was identified once for all with the heroine of *Henry Esmond?* Similarly, there has been no dearth of Rebeccas ranging all the way from the beautiful Jewess who defied the Knight Templar, down to her namesake of Sunnybrook Farm—but there is and can be only one Becky, and the list might be amplified indefinitely: George Eliot's Romola, William Black's Sheila, Hewlett's Jehan, Ibsen's Hedda and Nora—everywhere creative minds of the first magnitude have taken some woman's name and made it stand enduringly as the symbol of a certain definite

THE AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' RECEPTION AT GARDEN CITY

On Wednesday, May 17th, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company gave a reception to authors and artists at their new home, Country Life Press, at Garden City, Long Island.

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type, a certain unforgettable character. And this is true largely because the novelist of the first rank realises the vast importance of a name; he knows that somewhere in the language there is one name and one name only that fully expresses the woman he is creating. Sometimes the name may come in a flash of inspiration; sometimes it is discovered after an elusive chase of weeks or months; but, however, it is acquired. The trick of getting the one inevitably and undeniably right name is nothing less than a stroke of that kind of genius which is not disdainful of infinite pains.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR, WHEN HE HAD JUST WRITTEN "MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN," AND WAS A CONSPICUOUS STANDARD BEARER FOR THE ROMANTICISTS

The Gautier Centenary

Professor Brander Matthews is the American member of the committee which has been organised in Paris to celebrate fittingly the centenary of Théophile Gautier on the thirty-first of this month. England is represented by Professor George Saintsbury, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Edmund Gosse, and William Heinemann. The most conspicuous of the seven representatives of Germany is Hauptmann; two of the five members for Austria are Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Arthur Schnitzler; while among the representatives of Italy are Matilde Serao, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Giovanni Verga. The list of French members thoroughly covers literary France of to-day. There are twenty-four men on the committee who are entitled to wear the frogged coat of the Academie Française. Twenty members are from the Institut de France. The honourary president is Adrien Hébrard, and the active presidents, Gautier's two daughters, Madame Judith Gautier and Madame Emile Bergerat, and his son-in-law, Emile Bergerat, and the vice-president his son, Doctor Paul Théophile Gautier.

Most French men of letters have met with early opposition from their families in following their careers. This, however, was not the case with Gautier. Encouragement at home took a decidedly practical turn. His *Mademoiselle du Maupin,* which took France by storm, was published when he was twenty-four years of age. The task of writing was at times exceedingly irksome to the young man, who preferred to flaunt himself and his gorgeous clothes upon the boulevards. But his mother and sisters locked him in his room, and when he begged for release would call through the keyhole, "You can't come out until you have finished six pages of *Mademoiselle du Maupin.*" Despite his very substantial literary achievement Gautier is most conspicuous to-day by the memory of his flaming red waistcoat and his violent participation in the "Battle of Hernani." He carried his admiration for Victor Hugo to the point of idolatry. "If I thought that a single line of the Master's was bad," he once said, "I would not acknowledge it to myself, if I were alone, at the bottom of a dark well."

Mr. Austin's Indiscretion

The only really exciting thing about the *Autobiography of Alfred Austin,* which has just been published in two volumes, is the somewhat heated controversy that has grown out of a passage which is, to say

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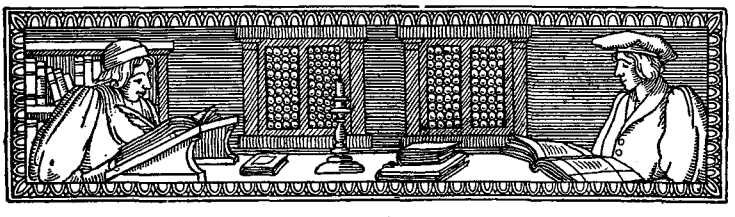
the least, surprisingly indiscreet. As Poet Laureate Alfred Austin was invited to the unveiling of the statue of Robert Burns at Irvine. On his arrival he spent the evening with the local authorities and was their guest at an early dinner. "I fear," he writes, "they must have thought me a poor creature, unless they were familiar with southern ways, for I drank sparingly, according to my custom, while they, to my amazement, tossed off glass after glass of whiskey neat, remaining just as sober as before we sat down. I hope the next morning I made some amends for my sobriety by my open air address at the unveiling." Now these are words not likely to fall pleasantly upon Scottish ears. From over the border there have come a number of voices in angry protest. One Scottish divine has written an indignant letter to the London *Times,* in which he denies emphatically the episode of the whiskey neat, and characterises the offending Poet Laureate as "a chiel among us makin' notes."

Apart from this paragraph the autobiography is about as commonplace and stupid as we expected that it would be. It belongs to the literary school of the late Queen Victoria. Here is a man who, by virtue of his position, has had the opportunity for ten years of rubbing elbows with all that is best and wittiest in literary England. Yet instead of giving us impressions and anecdotes of interesting contemporaries, he fills his pages with hopelessly dull paragraphs about himself, about the letter that Lord So and So wrote him inviting him to the lawn party at Little Podlington, about an agreeable visit to this Dowager or that, about how clever he (Alfred Austin) had been in guessing that the Prussians would go to Paris and not the French to Berlin. For example, in this book one might expect to read something about the real Laureate of the British Empire. The name Kipling appears once, but it refers to John

MRS. ALFRED AUSTIN, THE WIFE OF THE LAUREATE

Lockwood Kipling, with whom Mr. Austin once happened to take a ride in Italy. Such a book as the *Autobiography of Alfred Austin* makes us think much more respectfully of a book like Mr. Hall Caine's *My Story,* which we discussed last year. Both books express personal egotism, but Mr. Caine's book was certainly not dull.



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JOHN MASEFIELD, SEAMAN-AUTHOR

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

JOHN MASEFIELD has in his time written historical works, short stories and a novel dealing with the sea and the old Spanish Main, poems dealing with salt water, and, finally, is the author of two books of tragedies. As a writer of fiction dealing with the sea he is surpassed by Joseph Conrad; as a singer of the sea he is excelled by Kipling and Henry Newbolt; as a historian of the sea his work pales before that of Captain Mahan and others; but as the author of tragedies, considered both as literature and as drama, he is a figure unique. This record is a strange climax in the life of one who is still comparatively a young man. One gathers from his books and their dedications that he has spent part of his life as an ordinary seaman, part as a tramp in various sections of the world. He probably has an acquaintance with most of the seven seas and with several continents.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Now the sea, with which the history of the Anglo-Saxon race is so intimately and profoundly concerned, has been approached in many ways by the poets. The early ones were impressed most by the terrors of angry ocean, the early ballad singers by the exploits of those who won victory and fortune on blue water, the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century by the magical beauty and glory of the waves. In our own day Kipling has been often preoccupied by the career of the liner and the cruiser, the submarine or the sealer, while Newbolt has lauded the bravery of those who made sea exploits a heritage for the race. In the old chanties one finds a mingling of romance, music and fun. Masefield has something of this romance and a great deal of this fun. For the nonce the melancholy in the author's nature seems to have disappeared and he exerts himself to preserve in prose and verse some of the old legends, traditions and superstitions of the sea which are rapidly dying out, coincidentally with the disappearance from the waters of the old time sailing vessels.

Not only does Masefield differ in his material from many who have written of the sea, but also in his manner of approach, in his entire mental attitude and point of view. On the fore-page of *Salt Water Ballads,* he proclaims in a quotation: "The mariners are a pleasant people, but little like those in the towns and they can speak no other language than that used in ships." Masefield's mariners are essentially pleasant people and in many of the ballads speak their own language and no other. This is true of *Salt Water Ballads,* of *A Mainsail Haul* and *Ballads and Poems.*

But this pleasantness is not the chief

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characteristic of these books. Rather it is this: nearly every Englishman who has written of the sea and seamen has either been a literary man like Stevenson, Kipling and Newbolt, or an officer in the navy like Captain Marryatt, or a commander in a clipper like Conrad. But Masefield was never an officer, or at least, one so gathers from his books. He was not used to giving commands, but to obeying them. He was one of the men in the ranks, a sharer of the hardships and the privations of the fo'c'sle; not an aristocrat, but a plebe of the sea. So that we find him, in a consecration to his first book of verses, saying that he celebrates:

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp
of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders
pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary
a load.
The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man
with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a
tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired
lookout.

And this promise is abundantly fulfilled. He does not picture pretty comic opera seamen, but the genuine old "shellbacks," the men who work hard, live hard and die hard, who know long hours and little pay, and are fleeced in the first port where they get shore leave. There are homely poems dealing with the death of mates in storms, followed by the hard unsentimental observation that this means more work for the survivors. One sees sailors shaking with fever and either suffering from the lack of quinine or being accused of malingering. We are told in the tone of the true sea ballad how the *Loch Achray* was wrecked and all hands lost, and how the days pass and the lonely wives and sweethearts wait and watch in the rain for absent ones,

"And the bloody fun of it is, *they're drowned.*"

Or leaving the field of realism and going in for the purely fanciful, the reader learns that he had better not pitch a corpse into the sea at night, because if he does, the shivering cadaver has to swim until morning,

With its shudderin' soul inside the throat
(Where a soul's no right to be).

Or there is given the veracious account of how gulls and other cheeping sea-birds are not really birds at all, but only "sperrits of men livin' agen." Then there is Kingdom Come, the Port o' Many Ships, where all the drowned seamen and all the wrecked ships of the world will gather, where the airs will be light ones, and the sailors will do nothing but gather on the fo'c'sle and sing.

Likewise there is the story of Bill, who died and whose "corp" was tumbled into the sea, and whose unquiet soul thus made complaint to a shuddering seaman:

"I'm aweary of them there mermaids,"
Says old Bill's ghost to me:
"It ain't no place for a Christian
Below there—under sea.
For it's all blown sand and shipwrecks,
And old bones eaten bare,
And them cold fishy females
With long green weeds for hair.
And there ain't no dances shuffled,
And no old yarns is spun,
And there ain't no stars but starfish,
And never any moon or sun."

To be brief, there is preserved in this sea poetry something of the pathetic minor of the chanties and the old sea ballads, something of the rollicking side of the life, something of the old legends and the genuine experiences of the men in the fo'c'sle, told singularly enough very few times in English verse and told here better perhaps than anywhere except in A. F. Brady's *Ways of Many Waters.*

But there is another aspect to Masefield's muse too. It is the side that does not sing of seamen nor of long tramps on land, but which deals with the loveliness of the beloved one, the beauties of nature, and memories of old romantic Spanish ports with their sweet chiming bells. There is at times an elegiac strain, very tender and beautiful, as here:

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She has done with the sea's sorrow and the world's way
And the wind's grief:
Strew her with laurel, cover her with bay
And ivy-leaf.
Let the slow mournful music sound before her,
Strew the white flowers about the bier, and o'er her
The sleepy poppies red beyond belief.
Lay her away in quiet old peaceful earth
(This blossom of ours).
She has done with the world's anger and the world's mirth,
Sunshine and rainshowers;
And over the poor, sad, tired face of her,
In the long grass above the place of her
(The grass which hides the glory and the grace of her),
May the spring bring the flowers.

Occasionally there is a Celtic note in the songs of this west Englishman, a Celtic note like that of Yeats or Fiona Macleod:

Weary the cry of the wind is, weary the sea,
Weary the heart and the mind and the body of me,
Would I were out of it, done with it, would I could be
A white gull crying along the desolate sands.

But after all the clearest note, the most perfect song, is that which deals with the sea-hunger, that "joy of unrest," to use a phrase employed by Masefield in the introduction to *A Sailor's Garland,* an anthology of sea-poetry:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife:
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

II

Coming between *Salt Water Ballads* and the later poems, and, in a measure, complementary to both, is a prose volume, *A Mainsail Haul,* which, as its nautical term implies, is "loot." The author modestly attributes the best of the stories to an old seaman, Wallace Blair, formerly an instructor in seamanship in H.M.S. *Conway.* Most of them are fantastic, are good yarns, and are told with undoubted literary grace. If the atmosphere seems exotic, it is because the author tells the tales from the standpoint of the children of the sea, who are not at all sophisticated and who believe, or at least pretend to believe, the tales they are spinning. Thus there are given here, among other things, a nautical version of the Rip Van Winkle legend, one about the rats that leave all the sinking ships of the world, and another which veraciously sets forth how a grumpy old sea captain outwitted the devil. Then in "A Deal of Cards" there is a splendid, vivid, grotesque story of buccaneering days, which is purely Masefield's own and which displays to the full his undoubted power of gripping the imagination. In this book, as in the poems, Masefield does not choose to view things from the standpoint of the spectator. On the other hand, all these stories, whether grotesque or humorous or splendid, are told as by a seaman himself and very much in a seaman's language, but raised by art to the point where commonness leaves off and beauty begins.

In our time there have been three distinguished stories dealing with pirates, Stevenson's *Treasure Island,* Joseph Conrad's *Romance* and Masefield's *Captain Margaret.* It were useless at this late day to attempt to add any meed of praise to the famous book by R. L. S. But one thing is certain, both Conrad and

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Masefield knew more about the scenes of genuine piratical adventure than Stevenson, and Masefield, at least, knew more about the historical data upon which such stories should be based. The history of the real exploits of the buccaneers and pirates is told in Masefield's *On the Spanish Main*. This is an accurate and painstaking book written in a rather graphic style. In it are recounted the deeds wrought by Henry Morgan and others at Panama and Cartagena and other famous towns on the Main. However, the same studies of Esquemeling and other historical sources which led to this book, bore even better fruit in *Captain Margaret*. This is a novel which gives not only a splendid picture of the buccaneering times of the late seventeenth century, but one which for beauty of language, skill in character drawing, straightforward march of story, and virility in tone, deserved a wider audience than it achieved for itself several years ago. Just by way of comparison: an English scholar, Dr. C. H. Haring, recently issued a serious monograph dealing with the buccaneers, but quite as much information can be gathered from Masefield's novel, and the facts are not thrown at the reader as historical data, but as necessary parts of a narrative that sometimes thrills by its vivid pen-pictures. The reader is introduced to an old buccaneer, Captain Cammock, who is the seaman in charge of the ship *Broken Heart*. From his lips come musing reminiscences and confessions concerning the good old days when he fought around Panama with Morgan and Coxson: he gives glimpses of the wild life in the logwood cutter's camps; he tells of cities hidden in tropical verdure where the remains of the dead are weighted down with gold. He is alive to his finger tips, a sturdy figure of a man, lovable despite his past, prepared alike for a fight or a storm, cool in time of danger, reliable in days of stress. There is no extraordinary novelty in the plot. A good and lovely woman, whose goodness and loveliness are dwelt upon with a true poet's tenderness, makes one of those mistakes that sometimes characterise women both in fiction and in real life—she marries a thoroughly bad man. Fleeing from England, where he is in peril of death for forgery, this man, Tom Stukeley, takes refuge with his wife on the *Broken Heart*, a ship belonging to Captain Margaret, the unsuccessful lover. How Stukeley displays his brutal nature, how Margaret tries to shield the wife from real knowledge of her husband, how the revelation comes, and how the evil lout meets an evil end—these things make up part of the narrative, which, of course, ends happily.

Incidentally in the story one catches glimpses of Virginia in the early colonial days and of the Indies when the Spanish Main was still ravaged by fire and sword, while the buccaneers persisted in their search for loot. The breath of the sea blows through the book's pages and there are passages that are striking for the skill with which they depict the wild lawless life of the piratical adventurers and the savagery of their attack upon a doomed city.

Like Henry Newbolt, Masefield makes no attempt to reproduce the spirit of the times by employing a Wardour Street English. On the contrary, for the most part he seeks vividness and a sense of partaking of the life of those times by using the easily apprehended language of our own day. His descriptive passages are beautiful, often almost precious in their choice of words, but his dialogues are swift, pointed, natural, and telling, tinctured with something of the essential character of the person speaking. In sharp contrast with the frequent beauties of some pages is the baldness of others. A spade is called a spade. Stukeley is a villain and words are not minced in describing his evil deeds and in allowing him to damn himself out of his own mouth. And this he does abundantly well. He is almost too complete a villain to exist anywhere outside the pages of fiction. If he has any good moments they are not displayed. He is a bully, a coward, a traitor and a libertine. The author describes him as a cad who happened to be born a gentleman. It is a case of good blood gone wrong and in his every utterance he gives revelation of his true self.

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Writ large over the book taken as a whole is the author's love of open water, his love of beauty, his admiration for fair womanhood. There is also his characteristic minor strain of sadness, his sense of the shortness of life and the ultimate futility of struggle. A troop of soldiers marches by and Captain Margaret muses much as other characters do in Masefield's plays:

> They are like the world. The men drop out, but the regiment remains. It still follows the rags on the broomstick, and a fool commands it, and a halberd drills it, and women and children think it a marvellous fine thing. Well so be it. I've bought my discharge.

Conrad has been mentioned as the sea novelist *par excellence,* and he, too, is obsessed with the idea of fate, and yet nowhere in his pages can one recall offhand such a passage as this, dwelling upon the inner meaning of the ancient custom of chantey-singing, and the final sadness of the sailor's fate:

> The two capstans hove in, moving the cable. All down the 'tween-decks rang the snapping creak of a cable at shaking strain. Some one at one of the bars, down in the half-darkness, began to sing. The crowd made chorus together, lifting the tune. Voice after voice joined in. Bar after bar sounded and shouted. The ship rang with song. The music of the tune floated out over the harbour. In the sixth-rate, the men joined in, till the whole crew were singing. Ashore they heard it. In the schooners at anchor, in the inns ashore, in the dance-house up the town, the music made echo, stirring the heart. As the light wind moved or failed, so died the tune or lifted. With a great sweep it rose up, towering on many voices, then drooped to the solo, to soar again when the men sang. They were singing that they would go no more a-roving. To Margaret and Perrin, standing there at the poop-rail, hearkening to them, much moved by the splendour of the song, the coarse old words seemed touching, infinitely sad, the whole of sea-life set to music.

III

As "touching and infinitely sad," Masefield evidently sees life itself. Suddenly he stopped writing about the sea and turned his attention to drama. He had evidently thought about the matter before, for in his novel *Multitude and Solitude,* the hero was a playwright whose play had been damned and whose beloved had died. There followed a remarkable analysis of the temperament of a writer, which reads very largely as if drawn from personal experience. Be that as it may, in 1909 Masefield made his appearance as playwright.

We have seen him as historian, novelist and short-story writer practising the art of narrative; we have seen him as poet pursuing the art of weaving lovely words into melody. Now everything he has learned is turned to the service of the drama.

It has been said that in the revolt against the banal plays that so often occupy the stage of to-day, two classes of writers have been showing the way to better things—the poets who are making plays out of dreams and romantic traditions and the social philosophers who photograph modern conditions and problems with dispassionate fidelity. Among writers in English perhaps the typical poet dramatist is Yeats, the typical expounder of cinematograph drama is John Galsworthy. Now Masefield belongs neither to the banal, nor the Yeats, nor the Galsworthy school. He is in a class almost by himself, for he is attempting to restore to the stage that most difficult and unremunerative of all forms, the genuine tragedy which is at once good drama and real literature, moving to pity for mortal fate when beheld in the theatre, stirring to deep thought when read in the closet.

The Campden Wonder and *Mrs. Harrison,* two little one-act plays included in his first printed volume of dramas, need not detain us long. They deal with British peasants of the early nineteenth century, the characters are very much alive and the action is so arranged as to bring the acme of horror to the reader or spectator, but there is no broad underlying relation to everyday life and conditions. One feels that the episodes are extraordinary. They reveal depths of sullen passion and barbarity in the English country louts. They are almost Russian in their savage realism and truth, but they are also marked by an

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absence of the underlying element of Slavic pity.

From these preliminary studies in tragedy, so to speak, the author rises full panoplied in *The Tragedy of Nan,* undoubtedly one of the most notable dramatic productions of many decades.

Here the close student of human character, the accomplished master of dramatic technique, and the ardent poet have all combined to write a play unique in its kind. Two years ago it was given actual presentation on the stage and deeply impressed all who saw it.

The scenes are laid in an old, small tenant farm at Broad Oak on Severn and the year is 1810, when English law, with relics of the barbarity that survived from earlier and cruder days, still condemned a man upon the flimsiest of evidence, and still inflicted the death penalty for the heinous offence of sheep-stealing. Before the play opens there has been such an execution, Nan Hardwick's father being hanged. The play deals with Nan's fate. She is a beautiful Cinderella without a fairy prince. She lives with her uncle, William Pargetter, a kindly disposed but easily led peasant, whose wife is as bitter a shrew as ever the step-mother in the Cinderella story. There is a daughter, too, a vain, empty creature, Jenny Pargetter, who is in love with Dick Gurvil. He, in turn, loves Nan. Baldly stated, Gurvil proposes to Nan at a peasant merry-making, and on the very night that she has joyfully accepted him, although with a shadow of misgiving because he does not know about her father, Jenny's mother frightens the young man into announcing his coming marriage with the willing Jenny. This has been brought about by the statement that Dick's father will set him up in business if he marries Jenny, but disown him if he weds the penniless Nan, whose history is then brutally revealed.

In the last act the officers of the Crown appear upon the scene with the announcement that the law made a hideous error when Hardwick was hanged. In fact, the man was innocent. By way of some compensation the realm pays Nan fifty pounds. Desiring to secure this "fortune," Gurvil is ready to jilt Jenny and resume relations with Nan, who, disgusted with him and with life itself, stabs Gurvil. Then she carries out a resolution previously formed and commits suicide by jumping into the sea.

Thus poorly outlined the play seems flimsy enough, but the poet-dramatist has managed to invest it with terror, with pity, with glamour, and with charm. There is the play of the world old passions of love and hate, jealousy and cupidity. The English peasant life is revealed with a fidelity almost like unto that of Thomas Hardy, while there are touches and gleams of natural poetry which have something of the genuine Celtic air about them.

Upon Nan and upon a poor, half-crazed fiddler, Gaffer Pearce, Masefield has freely expended the treasure of his talents. Pearce plays a part in the drama something like the mysterious old harpers and blind men and bards in the plays of Maeterlinck and Gordon Bottomley. Gaffer is one who, fifty years before, had lost his fair young wife and never forgot her. Half coherently, but always poetically, he discourses of her. There is something about Nan's sad beauty, her soft voice, her gentle ways that reminds him of his loved and lost one. He confuses the one with the other, talking in a strain of semi-insanity. It is he who, with a pæan to the rising tide, subtly puts into Nan's mind the notion to drown herself.

Nan is a remarkable creature, all fire and passion when aroused; one who speaks the natural poetry that seems to flow from some women, no matter what their station. And Masefield manages to convey this idea by using words that the veriest peasant would have in her limited vocabulary.

"Do you love him very much?" she is asked. To which she replies exquisitely: "It feel like my 'eart was in flower, Jenny."

"My beautiful, I'll make a song for you, my beautiful," says Dick in his first unselfish ecstasy.

And again, simply and exquisitely, Nan replies: "Your loving me, that's song enough."

And finally to show the lyrical beauty Masefield can impart to his compact prose, listen to this duet of the lovers, in

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which the plain, English words suddenly attain a magic, a glow, a fervour that holds the reader, and that spoken aloud reaches over the footlights and touches the very hearts of the auditors:

NAN: It be always 'ard for a man to give up, even for a child, they say. But a woman 'as to give up. You don't know. You never think per'aps what a woman gives up. She gives up 'er beauty and 'er peace. She gives up 'er share of joy in the world. All to bear a little one; as per'aps'll not give 'er bread when 'er be wold.

DICK: I wonder women ever want to 'ave children. They be so beautiful avore they 'ave children. They 'ave their red cheeks, so soft. And sweet lips so red's red. And their eyes bright, like stars a-zhining. And oh, such soft 'ands. Touch one of 'em, and you 'ave like shoots all down. Beau-ti-vul. Lovelee.

NAN: It be a proud thing to 'ave a beauty to raise love in a man.

Masefield's tragedy folk are the victims of their fate, caught up and whirled to their doom, with none to save. From the beginning one feels that no true and lasting happiness can come into the life of Nan. One perceives that hers is a tragic beauty, that she is marked apart for sorrow and suffering, heart-break and untimely death. So, in *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great,* the reader knows at once, not only because it is history, but also from the manner of the play, that Pompey is to be hurried on to a miserable end. The drama opens with a note of elegy. There are elegies spoken all through, elegies in prose, varied by two seamen's songs, two genuine chanties in which the fate of Pompey is fitly sung.

The first scene shows Pompey's house. Antistia, a servant, is lighting lamps with a taper and hears the troops pass, their horns blowing:

More soldiers. Blow your horns. Spread your colours, ensign. Your colours'll be dust the sooner. Your breath will be in the wind, a little noise in the night. That's what you come to, soldiers. Dust, and a noise in the trees. Dust, and the windows rattling. No more flags and horns then.

Thus the servant. Now hear the master pronouncing a farewell over the body of one who has fallen in battle:

Poor boy. You have gone a long way from this inn. When you were born, women kissed you, and watched you as you slept, and prayed for you as women do. When you learned to speak, they praised you; they laughed and were so tender with you, even when they were in pain. And to-night you will wander alone, where no woman's love can come to you, and no voice speak to you, and no grief of ours touch you to an answer. The dead must be very lonely.

Historically the drama is in many ways accurate. It conforms closely to the written records. But the author does not accept Cicero's characterisation of Pompey as one who had "no courage, no purpose, no force, no energy." On the contrary, the Pompey of this play is shown to have abundant courage, purpose, force, and energy. Masefield gives a very near and modern view of him. Time was when every dramatist followed the lead of Shakespeare in treating of the lives and fortunes of great kings and conquerors. These humans were seen amid a haze of regal glory. They were something above and beyond mere men, used a different language, lived in a different air. But in our own time, Bernard Shaw, the iconoclast, with reverence for nothing save himself, has invented a new kind of drama about the great. He is content to leave to the followers of the English classical tradition the drama showing kings in their royal robes with crown and sceptre. Shaw shows us his great men in dressing-gown, in their moments of ease, of dalliance, of unguardedness. In such wise we see his Napoleon and likewise his Cæsar. In this regard, Masefield follows the Shavian dispensation. We see in *Pompey* the great ones of the Roman world at close range in their follies, their weakness, and their vanities. We see them plotting and planning like the politicians of to-day. We hear them discussing their chance to defeat Cæsar, the demagogic leader of the mob. We see the Senators, jealous of their waning powers, thwarting Pompey and foolishly bringing about his downfall and their own ruin. The dramatist does not choose to make the play a tragedy about the last stand of the patricians against the people. He

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rather enhances the character of Pompey and enthrones him as a great leader, soldier and thinker, so that his fall will be all the more significant as fact and potent as drama.

Not only is the old tradition as to atmosphere dropped, but, as a necessary accompaniment to this change, there is a difference in the dialogue. The grandiloquent eloquence formerly deemed necessary in a drama dealing with ancient times and men is forgotten. Shaw taught his fellow-dramatists that the play should treat the ancients as if they were exactly the kind of men we are, with the same passions, the same manner of expressing them. The result is that in his plays the dialogue is intensely modern and real, as much so as if all the characters set forth were men and women of to-day instead of thousands of yesterdays ago. And there is gain rather than loss. Masefield thoroughly approves this theory. His Romans discuss their problems as if they were our contemporaries. Even colloquialisms are introduced, which may startle for the moment, but which are proper if the whole theory is right. They add vividness, they give the reader or auditor the idea that he understands these people even as they understood themselves.

Pompey the Great justifies its title. The play is filled with greatness. It presents a picture of one of the noblest Romans of them all, a man who did not so much dream of perpetuating the ascendancy of the patricians over what he deemed the many-tongued mob, but of maintaining the supremacy of Roman law, Roman peace, and Roman truth. With Cato in the play he could well proclaim that he cared little for the brick and stone city built by artisans, but very much for that other Rome which "glimmers in the uplifted heart." If he fails and falls, it is not because of an ambition o'ertopping itself, not because of mere base greed for power, but because of his love for Rome. He is ground between the upper millstone of Cæsar's ambition and the lower millstone of the Senate's jealousy of himself.

Along with the depiction of Pompey as one of the ideal great men of old time is presented a vision of the eternal city as it was seen by its noblest and most unselfish sons. In doing this the methods employed by the author are rather those of the poet than of the worker in prose; and yet there is no attempt at fine writing; on the contrary a decided shrinking from it. There is something in his peculiar prose which makes it at the same time human speech and exquisite style, weighty, poetic and full of lambent fire. Modern tragedy differs from the Greek, which presented the conflict of the human will with inscrutable fate, and from the Shakespearean form, which presented the conflict of the human will with the laws that guide the world. The essence of modern tragedy is the failure to achieve one's mission.

Poor little Nan's mission was to be the happy wife and mother, loving and beloved, the human cricket of the hearth with her bairns singing round her.

Great, high-minded Pompey's mission was to preserve the peace of Rome, to prevent the conflict between the aristocrats and the plebeians, to extend the honourable sway of Roman law and civilisation. Both failed miserably, Nan to die by her own deed, Pompey by the orders of an effeminate prince.

By depicting the fate of both, by creating so vividly the central figures and the persons who surround and affect them, by packing the dialogue full of the very stuff of life, by making the words not only literary but dramatic and true, by providing the tragic scourge of pity and terror, by clothing death with beauty and spiritual grace, by giving the plots the grip that comes from verity, Masefield has in these two genuinely great plays put himself at the very forefront among the playwrights of his day. There is no reason for timidity in awarding him a laurel wreath.

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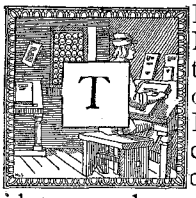
THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN

BY LOUIS BAURY



HAT prose laureate of New York and interpreter of Manhattan extraordinary, the late O. Henry, liked to call the city of his love "Bagdad-on-the-Subway." The idea pervades everything he ever wrote. "You can meet all the characters of the *Arabian Nights*," he once said, "walking up and down Broadway any day in the week—not to mention the nights." And O. Henry wrote his way into the heart of that fevered populace which reads as it runs by meeting it on just that basis, by finding caliphs in its grim-visaged millionaires, by surprising fairy-tales in its most ordinary transactions.

The parallel can be extended still further, however. A city is as truly emblematic of the people who have builded it as a work of art is an expression of the soul of its creator. New York stands to-day the expression of a multiple spirit, the conglomerate work of art of a people. And precisely as the creatures of the *Arabian Nights* parade Broadway and swarm the Bowery, so the storied castles, the terrifying caverns, the scarred battlements of ancient lore have been evolved into the twentieth century sky-scraper, subway, and mansion. The poetry, the romance, the witchery, the lure of present day life have crystallised themselves in these colossal monuments of masonry and steel. Their voice is heard in the roar of factory fires, in the nervous pantings of taxicabs, in the staccato rattle of the "L" roads, in the deep, rhythmic thunder of labouring machinery, and in the muffled roar of the crowds which surge to and fro in the midst of it all. This is the essence of New York, its fairyland of work, of play, of emotion—its Bagdad of existence. He who can catch its spirit and chain it to the bounds of words or marble or pigment will have set down the history of the early twentieth century.

There are many who have striven to do this in literature, but among the painters no such host appears. Of the thousands who dwell in the thick of it all nearly every one hies him to the Palisades or the still, open places when he would speak to us on canvas. Only a handful have sensed the fact that the vital message of the age is flashed forth in the incandescent signs on Broadway and graven on the park benches which are set down here and there among the metropolitan mountains of men. These few painters are artistic pioneers; to them the many-tongued voice of the city is speaking in definite, insistent terms. For them this Occidental sphinx has become articulate.

Perhaps there is no one whose name, artistically, is more closely associated with New York than Everett Shinn, a man whose vivid impressionism evinces a deep understanding in its dull, subdued tones. Representing as he does a recalcitrant and unjaded spirit, the message of the city to him is almost brutally direct. "It says, 'I suffer,'" declares he.

Mr. Shinn is vehement in the declaration that there is no art in the American soul—that we express ourselves artistically only when conditions leave us no other course. In the sections of which Fifth Avenue is the prototype conditions are at the command of the people, so he finds no art there. Watching a Fifth Avenue afternoon throng fills him with precisely the sensations which he experiences upon turning the pages of a fashion magazine. With the buildings, none of which, as he sees them, have any relation to their neighbours and all of which strive only to be more startling than all the others, he finds it little better.

"Of course, those things can be painted," says Mr. Shinn, "if an artist selects judiciously, for selection is, after all, art; but in order to make such a picture effective, the whole scene must be bathed in a sheen of moonlight, or obscured by a swirling snow-storm, or somehow thrust into the background. And even then the picture is artistic not because of, but in spite of the subject.

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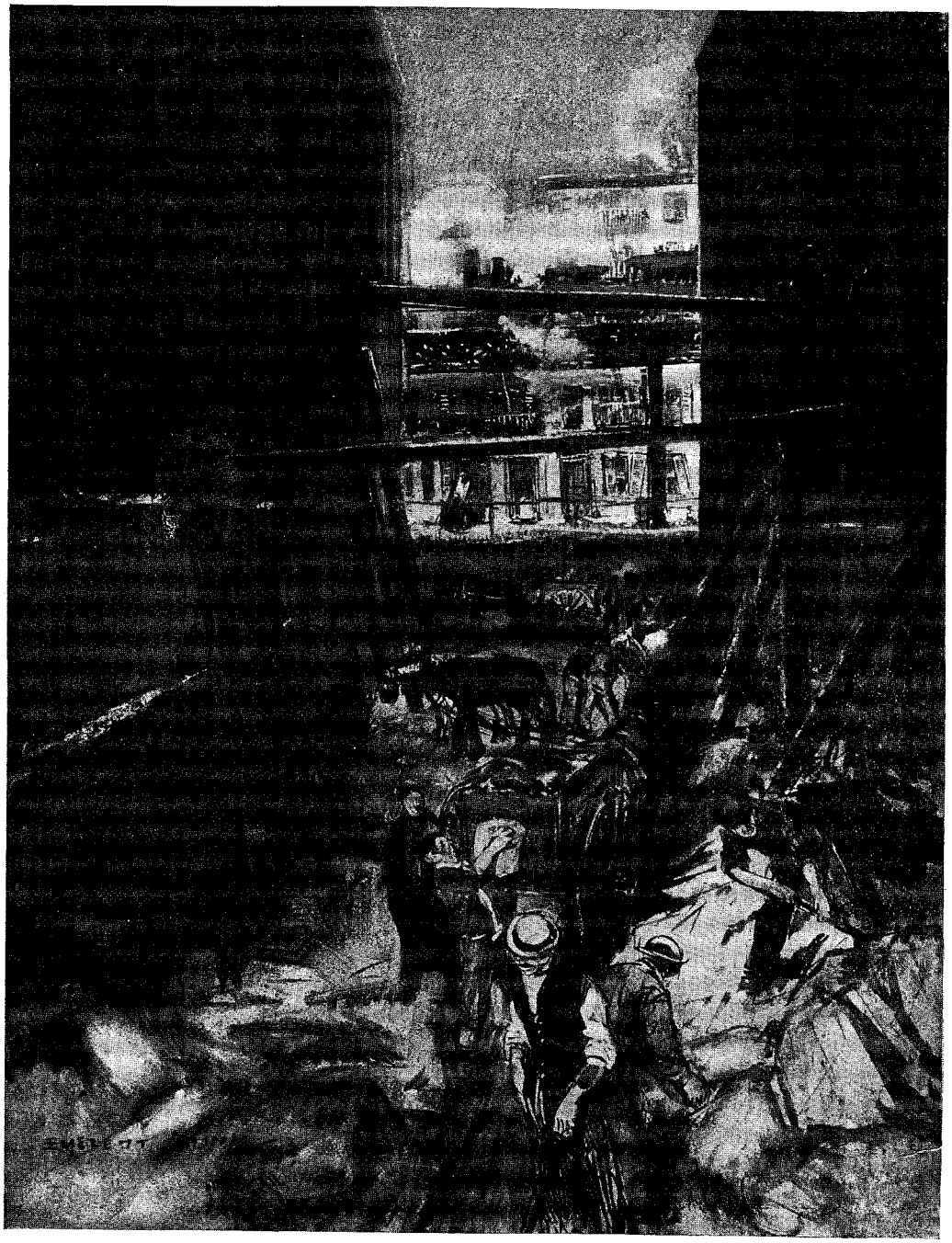
No, artistically that phase of New York is hopeless. It's all too new.

"But when you get down into the slums, the congested districts, what a different story it is. There the stress of conditions has done what only time can do for the other section. There the rows of tumbled houses really do express



NEW YORK STREET SCENE. FROM A PAINTING BY EVERETT SHINN. TO MR. SHINN THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SUFFER"

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something. And the something they express is—suffering. That is the real New York. We all do suffer here, whether we admit it or not. We suffer more than we do anything else, but we're so innately inartistic that it is only there, where conditions won't permit us to do otherwise, that we express it. People don't stand off in places of isolated prominence there as they do on Fifth Avenue. Their very suffering brings them together and, with shoulders that are habitually stooped and rounded from the burdens they are forced to bear, they collect in little knots—groups so eloquent in attitude that you can't help but paint them, because they represent New York—*right before you in the life, talking to you.* Even the sombre blending of colours in such groups is symbolic of the grey suffering of New York life.

"With the buildings in these sections," he elaborates, "it is precisely the same. The people and the buildings are complementary, and you cannot understand the one without the other, or the city without them both. The taverns and peasants' huts of England and France and the exquisite little nooks of Paris which furnish never-ending delight to the artist lend themselves to artistic interpretations because time has smoothed off their rough edges and mellowed them. Conditions have supplied this mellowing process to the poorer sections of New York. Congestion, poverty, work, avaricious landlords—a multiplicity of unavoidable conditions combined. Lines are broken here and there, buildings and odd little shops are harmonised with one another, and the ensemble speaks to any one who will stop to listen. Greenwich Village, the Gas House Section, the East Side—these are the parts of New York that are articulate and, speaking for the whole city, they say: 'I suffer.'"

It is quite a different New York which speaks to Colin Campbell Cooper. In Mr. Cooper's delicate, oftentimes wistful, paintings of the city, there is none of that brutal reality of fact with which Everett Shinn compels attention. Mr. Cooper's definition of art is: The exponent of an emotion acting upon an individual. He can never forget the universality of all emotion, of all art, of all things; so that he regards New York not as a place, but as a part of one great place.

"Emotion in its broader sense is the same everywhere," says Mr. Cooper, "in the country and in the city, in the far islands of the Eastern seas and in New York. All things vibrate to the tune of one great harmony; there is a universal music of the spheres. We are all of us, in all places, singing different *motifs* of the same infinite harmony; we are all living and experiencing different cantos of one all-comprehensive poem; we are all singing in tune with nature. Nature is the supreme thing: It dominates everything."

And the reason why Mr. Cooper chooses to depict the particular "canto" which New York represents is, as he very simply expresses it, "because it's here."

"I see it every day, and so I put it down," is his explanation. "The meaning behind my pictures would be precisely the same if I painted wooded hills and mountain torrents. They cannot but say the same thing, for they are all a part of the poem of life. The only difference is in the metre. Here in New York it is tuned to a quicker, more strident music, but the song it sings does not vary. I hope that I catch that stridency in my pictures, but much more I hope that I catch the notes of the song behind it, for that is the important thing. Nature, as I say, is supreme. All things must attune themselves to the music of the universal song it sings. New York does that after its own fashion, but I think that to me the most significant thing about Manhattan is the fact that it does do it. Yes, in the last analysis, the supreme thing that New York says to me is: "'I sing.'"

Another pair of contrasts, equally sharp, is presented by the views of Joseph Pennell, the pupil of Whistler, and Paul Cornoyer. Pennell's interpretation of Manhattan is foreshadowed very clearly in his etchings. In the rapid, tumultuous glimpses which they afford of metropolitan phases industry rises supreme and, gazing upon them, one can almost hear the clank of machinery resonant in his ears. Mr. Pennell's own words tell the story vividly.

"New York," he has written in a burst

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BROADWAY FROM THE POST-OFFICE. FROM THE PAINTING BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER.
TO MR. COOPER THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SING"

Photograph by Peter A. Juley.

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of ecstatic enthusiasm, "rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the colour by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their heights in the evening. They are mighty cliffs glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night. The city is finer than anything in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Piling up higher and higher before you, it reminds one of San Ginuguano of the Beautiful Towers in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces, crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. There are its great bridges, filmy, delicate, and lace-like by day; by night a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew; there are its streets, which represent Florence glorified—its squares, more noble than those of Seville; its golden statues; its triumphal arches, making splendid frames for marvellous vistas; and all of it new—all of it done by living people whom you know. From some vantage points the city masses itself so wonderfully that, as Castaigne said: 'It is not real, it's all a dream; we will wake up and find it a desert island.' But it is real—yet all unreal—a dream city, yet a stone and steel reality. Artistically there are only a few of us who have touched it. It is so great and so wonderful that, artistically, it will not be discovered for centuries, and never worked out."

So the incredible, fairyland qualities appeal to him as insistently as did they to O. Henry. But even stronger rises the call of work. "The waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York." That phrase haunts the memory and conjures up a picture which ripples through the mind like some familiar melody. To Mr. Pennell it represents the crowning touch; as he says, the emblem. Wherefore it becomes obvious that to him New York says above all: "I work."

And the same wild rush which brings him that message, to Paul Cornoyer says: "I want to rest." Mr. Cornoyer is an impressionist and an æsthetic. He sees very little use in the existence of anything that is not in some way beautiful, and none at all in an art which, by its arrangement, does not render the objects painted beautiful, at least in their relation to one another.

"It is in the parks," affirms Mr. Cornoyer, "that the spirit of metropolitan life most truly reveals itself. The call of nature is vibrant within us all, either consciously or subconsciously. There it finds its outlet. The bustle, the work, the tension—all that is an inevitable accompaniment of city life. The spirit of it lies behind that—lies in the condition which that produces. And that condition is a great, pervading weariness, summed up, I think, in the phrase, 'I want to rest.' It is at this point that the call of nature asserts itself. New York finds this surcease in its parks.

"There you will find all classes. The children of the rich romp on the green side by side with the worn, haggard men for whom all hope has ceased; there shop-girls and working men pause for comfort on their way from toil; there all the people who go to make up New York's diverse population at one time or another find their way. Under the soothing influence of nature's green their troubles and worries seem lessened, the terrible strain from which they cannot help but long to escape appears far off and insignificant and they get just a snatch of that rest which they must desire above all else. And with the huge buildings towering up in the background—an indispensable reminder of the cause of this attitude—there, in a single flash, you have Manhattan's message."

Again quite different is the New York upon which Vernon Howe Bailey looks. From the Battery to the Bronx there is scarcely a spot which his tireless pencil has not depicted. There is something big, broad, and vast in all of Mr. Bailey's work and all of it is instinct with the mad throb of life, the trip-hammer pulse-beat which is New York's, and New York's alone. His very manner of work is so in harmony with the rush of the city's life that he might almost be called the typical Manhattan artist. No leisurely studio

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MADISON SQUARE. BY JOSEPH PENNELL. TO MR. PENNELL THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I WORK"

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drawings worked up from studies satisfy Mr. Bailey's indomitable ardour. He goes forth, props his easel on a street corner and, in the very heart of it all, draws, with the city piling up in its prodigal multiplicity before him, with the surge of the vari-hued, shifting, kaleidoscopic throngs singing in his ears, and a group of wide-eyed youngsters gaping over his shoulder at the fast-flying pencil.

"You must do it that way," says Mr. Bailey. "It's all there—right before you. To-morrow it may be gone; you must catch it while you can, or it will be lost to you forever."

He has drawn the sky-line in the face of stinging, numbing blasts whistling from off the East River, and Madison Square has formed his theme when the asphalt in that quadrangle was sticky and pliable underfoot from the fierce rays of an August sun. Some of his most vivid, convincing work has, under such spells of the city, been achieved in thirty minutes—a fact almost incredible when the fidelity and swift care of these drawings is observed. Almost invariably there is at least one sky-scraper in Mr. Bailey's drawings. To him that is the symbol of New York.

"It is the sky-scraper," he thinks, "which has made New York such a rich artistic possibility. The inimitable themes with which time has endowed England, France, Italy—all Europe, in fact—are, from the nature of things, here lacking. We are new in America, and we are still more concerned with growing than with anything else. But it was not until we began to send sky-scrapers rocketing heavenward that New York adequately expressed that fact for us. Of course, there are out-of-the-way corners of the city that I enjoy sketching, but really to catch the fleeting spirit of it all one must turn to the sky-scraper—that mammoth symbol of our insatiable ambition. Change is the essence of growth and of ambition alike; and here, too, the sky-scraper embodies it all. What was the tallest building in the city yesterday is only the average to-day, and to-morrow will be torn down to make way for some bigger effort. And so they go on rearing themselves upward, the last ever topping its predecessor, the entire collection telling the story of the America of to-day which is constantly setting up new goals for its own attainment—constantly straining upward—always and forever striving, striving, striving. That is why above all other things, New York says: 'I soar.' That is the element we must catch to show it as it really is."

To John Edwin Jackson the significance of the sky-scraper is likewise prominent, but in somewhat different aspect. "New York," he holds, "represents a drama—a drama upon which the curtain never falls and which includes far more than all the assembled dramas of the stage have ever shown us. For this reason the man who paints it must constitute himself an illustrator if he could catch anything more than a passing mood and, getting below the surface, sense the biggest part of all it holds. One of the principal themes of this drama is that of achievement. New York is rich in achievement. It has no patience with those who do not achieve. The sky-scraper stands for this, embodies it and typifies it. You must get sky-scrapers into New York pictures because of this—because they not only form such an essential part of the city, but because they stand for that which makes New York different from all other places. And, too, you must consider the crowds which are recording this achievement. New York would not be New York without them, and that is why in my own work I always give a glimpse of them, taking the point of view from the streets which they throng."

But these are only first principles, and Mr. Jackson avers that it is only after one has grasped them that he begins to get under the surface.

"Then in order to understand New York you must understand New York nights," he says. "Night is New York's time; it lives and toils through the day in the expectation of it. Then it is that the city fairly revels, that it gets out and spreads itself, as they say, and reaches its apotheosis. Ask any foreigner or out-of-towner coming to New York for the first time what most impresses him and he will instantly tell you—the lights. Every-

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LOWER BROADWAY. BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY. TO MR. BAILEY THE MESSAGE OF MANHATTAN IS "I SOAR"

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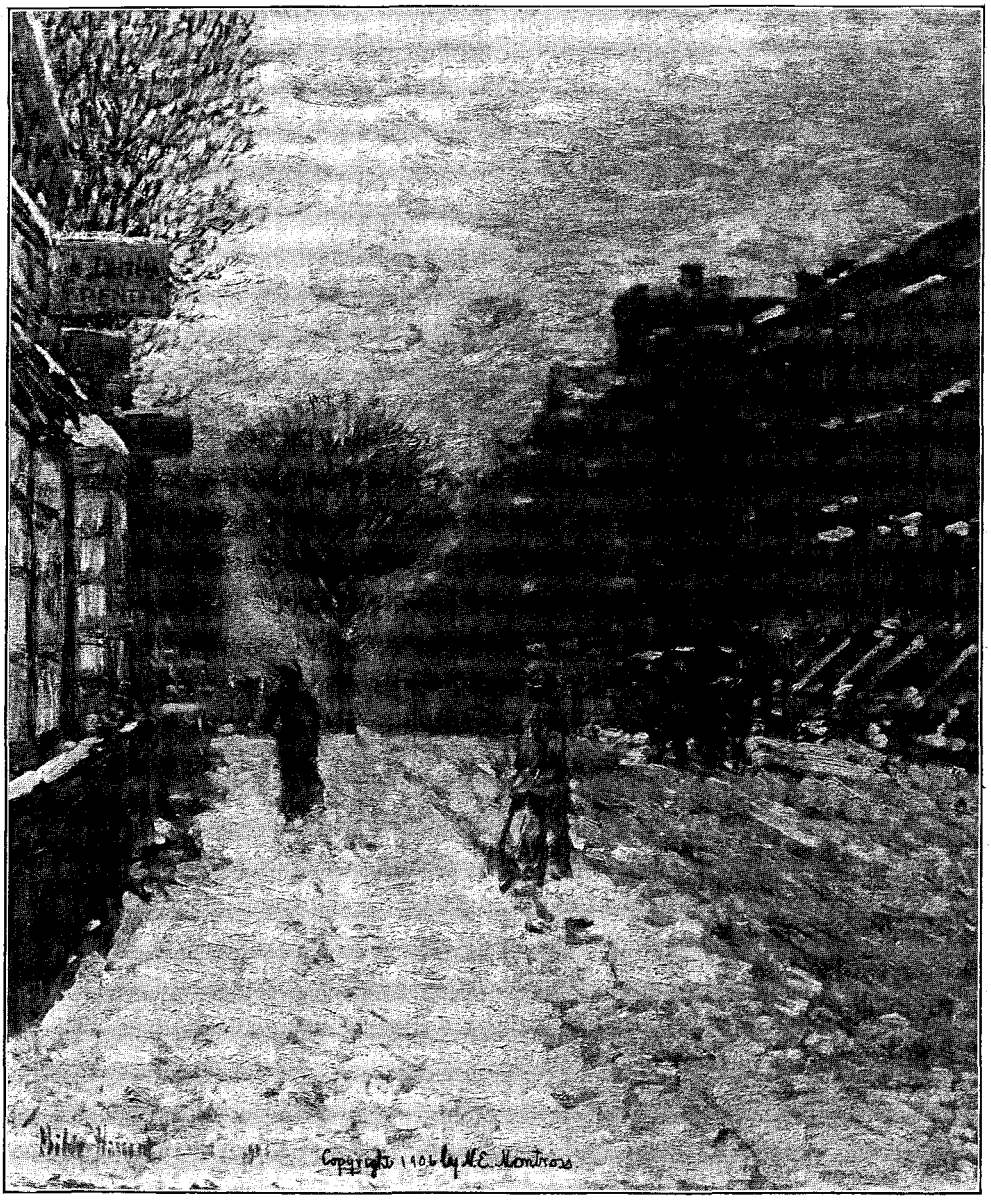
where they flash, they scintillate, staggering and overpowering you. Things assume strange, new, bizarre proportions under their glow, and New Yorkers thrill in the atmosphere. The lights are artificial; but so is New York—supremely artificial, or it could never live through what it does. A drama is always artificial, anyway. But, remembering the achievement and those who have made it, the lights are what New York looks up to. The whole city struggles toward them, impatient to get beneath their rays. Anywhere else New York is not itself and is not happy. It must be always to the fore, always startling, or it is not New York. The lights play chorus for the whole vast drama. What do they



WINTER AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK. FROM THE PAINTING BY CHILDE HASSAM

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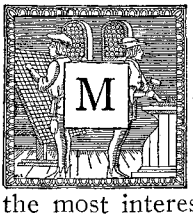
say? They say: 'I must shine.' That is why in my opinion the innumerable picturesque quarters of 'Little Italy' and 'Little Hungary,' though they may make very excellent pictures impersonally speaking, make very poor New York pictures, because they are not New York pictures at all. The real New York has always the achievement, the people who have made it, and the lights. It never ceases saying, 'I must shine.'"

Then there is Childe Hassam. Unfortunately Mr. Hassam was on the high seas when this article was prepared, rendering it impossible to learn from his own lips the secret which the city has breathed to him. But his pictures we have with us always—poems in pigment, nocturnes in tint—and there it is all recorded with delicate, graceful subtlety. Any treatment of this subject would be indeed incomplete without mention of Mr. Hassam, and so, if in his absence, the writer may make a suggestion, he would say that to Mr. Hassam New York says: "I dream." Take the accompanying reproduction, for example, with its lone wayfarer, its cab waiting to go—whither?—its "white-wing" who has stayed his shovel and is looking off across the snow-bedded street through the blue-white haze which rests over all like some filmy, delicate scarf. The long line of sombre, mysterious houses, stretching away until they are lost in the mist, holds behind its impassive front a poignant suggestion of many lives, many hopes, many eager plans, many ambitions. For a space the ever-shifting ocean of metropolitan life is here calm. Any moment it may sweep up to a fresh high-tide of achievement; but now it waits. The city dreams—dreams dreams without which all the rest could never be. Every one of Mr. Hassam's New York pictures is pregnant with the same atmosphere, the same delicate mystery.

And so to this little group of pioneer artists New York variously says: "I suffer"—"I sing"—"I work"—"I want to rest"—"I soar"—"I must shine"—"I dream." It is all things to all men, and to no two does it speak alike. Yet all these messages it does bear—all these and many, many besides. It shouts them—it breathes them in softest cadences; it laughs them—it weeps them; it confides them over feasts of riotous revelry—it mutters them over funeral baked meats; it sings them at births—it chants them at burials. It is Atalanta, giving all to the one who outruns her; it is Circe, luring men to their destruction with beguiling wiles; it is Charon, impassively conducting souls to oblivion as a matter of business; it is Narcissus, realising for all his dream of perpetual youth. There may come a day when some Balsac of the brush will arise who will set it down for us on canvas in all its infinite variety and profusion. Meanwhile this little group of pioneers is paving the way.

THE ILLUSTRATION DETECTIVES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



R. HOMER DAVENPORT, the cartoonist, several years ago accepted a commission to attend an exposition in one of the large American cities and to detail the most interesting phases of the Fair in a series of characteristic drawings. A so-called "Chinese Day" was to be a feature of the month's programme and, as an introduction to several drawings depicting the manner of the event, Mr. Davenport thought it would be a fine idea to get up a general design displaying the figure of a commanding dragon and containing the other conventional decorative ingredients that Americans demand in everything pictorial that is supposed to relate to the Yellow Kingdom. Accordingly, he drew the imperial winged serpent in the act of defying the uni-

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verse and, when he had finished his task, was not at all displeased with the result. A friend, however, suggested to him that it might be a good idea to surmount the introductory drawing with a quotation in Chinese that would lend "tone" to the work and would, as well, serve as a further introduction to the balance of the Chinese series.

The artist agreed; sought out a Chinese connected with one of the Oriental merchandise exhibits, and asked the latter to put down some militant motto in his native letters. The Chinese, after a moment's hesitation, did so; Davenport traced the queer characters in his drawing, and sent the completed work to the publication that he was representing. Two weeks later it appeared, and two days later the editor of the publication received a letter from a well-educated Chinese in Washington that read, in part, as follows:

Mr. Davenport's picture is a credit to the sentiments that America holds toward China, but the incongruous words he has placed above it are out of place and spoil the whole thing. What do they mean in connection with the picture of our exalted dragon, our exalted emblem? What has "Buy of How Sing and Company" got to do with the patriotic drawing? Is the whole thing intended merely as an advertisement?

The way in which the crafty Oriental merchant tricked the artist has nothing to do with the case. But the story of the Chinese who ferretted out the flaw in the illustration, a story that has been repeated frequently at Mr. Davenport's expense in magazine circles, suggests the wider area of similar stories relating to that vast and scattered group of individuals who are known to the publishing world as "illustration detectives."

In the magazine editor's mail, the illustration detective—the man who picks out the defects in this or that drawing—figures quite as largely and regularly as the "contributing comedian," the "suggestor" or the "youthful author," each of whose cases has been already discussed. The illustration detective is the "eye that never sleeps" of the magazine world. His pen is held in constant readiness to inform the editor that Artist Howard Chandler Gibson has given Lucille Llewellyn, heroine of the story on page thirty, green hair where, as a matter of fiction fact, Author Robert W. Phillips has specified in the second paragraph that her locks were purple, or that Illustrator Charles Dana Wenzell has made Howard Rathskellar, hero of "The Common Flaw," only eight feet tall when, as a matter of record on page one hundred and sixty, the author specifies most specifically that Howard is eight feet ten in height. It must not be inferred from this, however, that the magazine illustration sleuths are always in error as to their gratuitous complaints. It must be chronicled in all truth that more frequently are they in the right. For even the most painstaking and cautious of illustrators sometimes inadvertently misses a seemingly trivial detail in the story he is picturing, a detail that, when given subsequent half-tone publicity, stirs to wrath some reader in Waukesha, Wisconsin, who happens to be well informed on the subject in the illustrator's hand.

Mr. Robert H. Davis has encountered numerous illustration detectives in his magazine career, but of them all he awards the palm to a railroad switchman in a small town in the Middle West. A story had been printed in one of the Munsey publications exploiting a railroad theme and one of the drawings used to illustrate the narrative showed a locomotive heading toward a switch. The locomotive, according to the best impressions of one's memory, was due, per the story, to arrive at a point beyond the switch in a few minutes' time or the day would be lost! A week after the magazine had been published, Mr. Davis received the following letter:

Dear Editor: That's a great story on page ninety-two, but if it followed the illustration on the next page it would end very much differently than the author imagined. The man who drew the picture showing the locomotive steaming toward the switch Hades-bent-for-election made a bad mistake. He put the switch a fraction of an inch toward the left, where it should have been that distance in the other direction. The author was correct; but if that locomotive went over the tracks as the

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artist has drawn them, it would first turn a complete somersault and would then land on its back in, or on, the roundhouse close by. The artist, by his carelessness, spoiled any possible happy ending to the story (as the author wrote it) for me, because I, knowing switches pretty well, could never believe the story could end well *actually* after getting a look at the picture in question.

The Picture-Pinkerton, who brought a good, round, honest laugh out of the editors several years ago when he pointed out that a drawing used to illustrate a famous British author's fanciful tale of King Arthur's Court included, among its details, the rays of light from an incandescent bulb, was surely more to be petted than censured. The good such detectors of defects as he may accomplish, when they are sincere, is of no inconsiderable measure in the final evolution of illustrative verisimilitude. Several months ago, one of the editors of a metropolitan magazine forestalled the illustration detectives when, on the day before closing the forms, he discovered that a drawing supposed to illustrate a fiction episode of ten years ago showed a telegraph office with a "night letter" sign plainly visible on one of the walls. But, wary as the magazine editorial and art-department overseers may be, illustrative imperfections will creep into the pages. The following two letters, treasured in the records of one of the well-known fiction-special article magazines published in New York, are self-explanatory. The first was from a woman in Salem, Massachusetts.

What considerable enjoyment I might otherwise have derived from the very excellent story by —— in the current issue of your publication was diminished by a study of the accompanying illustrations by ——, who is usually a careful workman, but who in the present case has permitted several defects to insinuate themselves into his sketches. In the first place, in the drawing showing —— leaning over the tub washing the family linens, the artist has placed the bar of soap at the precise point on the tub's rim where the girl's elbow would knock it off at every movement of her arm. This is readily apparent to any woman who has ever done housework—and what woman has not? In the second place, the author states that his heroine has just begun to take piano lessons and yet, in the drawing on page —, the artist has the girl seated at a baby-grand in the act of practising and shows her unmistakably striking chords with each hand. Such an achievement can come only with numerous lessons and is most certainly not included in the elementary practice exercises. Yes, such illustrative carelessness spoils a story, however good it may be.

A careful study of the drawings on the part of the editor and several conversations with women on the subject revealed the information that the Illustration Detective from Salem was probably justified in her small complaints, although just how two such trivial illustrative defects "ruined" the story was difficult to see. The second letter came from an actor in a stock company on the Pacific Coast and read as follows:

In the current number of your magazine I find an interesting story called "——." I also find two interesting illustrations that go with it. The latter, however, are interesting in a different sense. Let me point out the reasons. The story, as you know, deals with the first night's production of a rising young author's first play. In the first illustration, showing the heroine of the play seated at a window, the artist, failing to follow the author, who is correct, has drawn the sun streaming in through the window directly down stage. This shows that the artist doesn't understand the fine points of stage presentations. The "sun" never, under any circumstances, can, or is made to, shine *straight through* a window at the back of the stage, because, if it did, the light would then be thrown directly in the eyes of the audience and would blind the latter. Any person who knows anything about the stage will tell you—or the artist—this. In the second illustration, the artist shows an even more profound ignorance of the craft he has sought to picture. He has drawn a "behind the scenes" view of stage settings and has neglected to indicate the small ropes that are always thrown over the clamps of the scene-frames to fasten them together. No scenes set as your artist shows them could remain standing for two seconds. The next time you print a fiction story of the theatre, for Heaven's sake get a man who knows something about the subject to illustrate it! Any bill-poster can

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do the job for you better than the "artist" in the present case!

Once in a while, however, the Illustration Detectives follow wrong clues in their eagerness to ferret out artistic crime. Take, for instance, the case of the Chicago scalawag who wrote this letter to the editor of one of the New York general magazines several months ago:

RESPECTED SIR: To err is human, but it is *not* artistic. I speak as to the story by —— in the last number of your magazine. According to said story, 'tis summer. According to artist in illustration showing hero entering cabin, 'tis winter. Perceive the snow on the shoulders of hero's jacket! Can it be possible that the author did not know what season it was and that the artist set him to rights thus slyly and craftily? Advise me, noble sir!

The editor handed the letter to the artist concerned and, characteristically, told him to "go to it." The artist, accordingly, dispatched the following expressive document to the Illinois Sherlock:

RESPECTED SIR: The "snow" on the hero's jacket, of which you make comment, was the snow neither of God nor the devil; neither of Nature nor witchcraft; neither of author's brain nor my hand. It was—and is—merely a defect in the half-tone reproduction of my otherwise perfect and undeniably beautiful drawing. Pray accept my sincere regrets that I cannot be present at your humiliation.

A second example of a Flaw Finder who ran amuck is revealed in the transcribed correspondence. The Flaw Finder's letter:

The frontispiece to the story entitled "——," appearing in the current number of the —— magazine, discloses a profound error on the part of the illustrator. In the story, it is stated by the author that the large power boat figuring in the action is propelled by gasoline and yet, lo and behold, the picture shows smoke issuing out of a smokestack on the craft. Smoke up, Mr. Artist!

Thus did the artist succinctly "smoke up":

See page 72: "While Evadne was below cooking the supper on the small stove," etc.

Smokestack primarily for ventilation. Placed directly over cooking compartment. See motor boat catalogues.

Smoke coming out of stack really thick vapours from cooking. See stove catalogues and cook books.

Smoke up, Mr. Faultfinder!

The shoe is sometimes gracefully returned to the other foot, however, as may be understood from the following series of documents:

DEAR EDITOR: Will you kindly tell the artist who drew the pictures that you have printed with ——'s story in the last number of your publication that the automobile which he has sketched in the larger illustration differs in many essential respects from the latest model of the machine to which the author of the story specifically refers. The artist should investigate, do a little studying—and be more careful in the future!

It was not unnatural that the artist, to whom the letter was handed, was somewhat annoyed by his critic's valedictory sentence and it was not unnatural, therefore, that he should make bold to alleviate his wrath in a reply. The motor critic's stationery bore simply the writer's personal address, "Such-and-such a number, such-and-such a street, Detroit," and thither the artist sent the following:

. . . If *you* will investigate, as you have seen fit to suggest that *I* do, I believe you will find that it is you and not I who should be more careful. My drawing represents the latest model of the particular automobile concerned in the story. Of that I am quite sure, for my sketch was made from such a car in the possession of a personal friend.

A few days later, the artist received in return the following letter from his Detroit censor:

. . . I regret exceedingly that your friend should have deceived you by pretending that his automobile was this year's model when, as a matter of fact, it was last year's. If you will call on our New York agent, Mr. So-and-So, at No. —— Street, he will be pleased not only to show you our latest model but to demonstrate its many excellent qualities to you in action.

The letter carried at its top the name of one of the best known automobile companies in America and, by comparing the signature of the writer with the list of officers tabulated in the letterhead, the artist suddenly awoke to the real facts in the case.

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THE PIRATES OF TORTUGA

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

I

Pierre le Grand has one blind eye,
And fingers eight are Pierre's,
But the stoutest blades in Carib seas
Come, when he pipes to prayers.
And the buzzards swinging round the poop
They shiver when he swears.

We were eight and twenty men
On a Carib cockleshell,
Eight and twenty sullen pirates
Broiling on the tropic swell.

Not a breath of wind above us,
Not a pint of rum inside—
And the salt-pork like a razor
Scratching at a blistered hide.

Quoth Portúgues, "In Tortuga,
Cool and cosy by the quay,
There's a heavenly happy taproom
And a swigging company.

"And the tavern-keep is friendly,
And his rum is red as fire,
And the breeze plays in the palm-tops
Like an angel on a lyre."

Quoth Black Barley, "In Tortuga
There be girls of every shade,
And they're splashing in the surf now,
Fair and bare as they were made.

"And they're white and black and copper—
And they glisten every one
Like an ingot of Pizarro
'Neath a Caribbean sun."

Quoth Old Benjam, "In Tortuga
I've a wife as pert as they.
And I'd give my soul to know just
How she whiles the time away."

"There be pirates in Tortuga
That'll tell you when we land."
"Lies!"—*"A knife!"*—"Knives are for Spaniards!
Put them by!" cries Pierre le Grand.

"We're but eight and twenty men,
And I'll have no lifted hand
Till a galleon bound for Cadiz
Tops the west," quoth Pierre le Grand.

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Cries Black Barley, "Galleons, galleons!
Forty days and nights we stew.
Jesus! What a laugh Tortuga'll
Laugh, at this boiled pirate-crew."

Pierre le Grand, the lifeless tiller,
Clutched. His scars shot purple-red.
"You'll not hear the laugh. Tortuga'll
See you either rich or dead."

II

Like a red *Carolus Quintus*
Over Cuba sank the sun,
But its last ray struck the Cross, high
On a Spanish galleon;

Sparkled like a friar's-lantern
In the marsh, and died. A star
Broke above. "The sweeps, ye beggars!
'Neath that star our ducats are!"

We were eight and twenty men,
And we plied the oars like whips.
And Pierre he hugged the tiller
With a black smile on his lips.

And the night grew thick, and heavy
As a gravecloth drooped the air.
And the sea-fires lit our faces
With a green and ghostly flare.

Cries Portúgues, "Sou'-sou' westward
Burns a light." And Pierre, "Speak low!
Muffle rowlocks!" Like a serpent,
Crawling to a bird, we go.

Sou'-sou' wéstward like a great bird
Tangled in a web of stars
On the mirroring swell the galleon
Dips her black and lazy spars.

From the middle poop-deck glimmers
Dim the cabin-lamp, and hark!
Comes a crazy, clear fandango
With a laugh across the dark.

And the man beside me shivers,
And I shiver, as we skulk
Breathless o'er the treacherous waters
By that awful, dreaming hulk.

But Pierre le Grand scowls whitely
From that narrow, restless eye.
"There'll be no retreat here! Surgeon,
Scuttle ship! We win or die."

And the surgeon's clotted bone-saw
Like a rat gnaws at the planks.
And the oily, patient waters
Gurgle their triumphant thanks.

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With the tiller 'neath his armpit,
And a pistol in each hand,
Cold and silent by the galleon's
Heavy prow waits Pierre le Grand.

From the black poop through the blackness,
Comes a cry! We held our breath!
"Sixes, damn you!" "Tierces!" *"Sixes!"*
"Devil, then go dice with Death!"

Shouts and falling chairs, a moan!
Silence. Then a low command.
"Up the forestay! Up and over!"
And the first was Pierre le Grand.

At the prow a lowsy Spaniard
Stirred. "Quick, choke him!" That man died.
Then by sail and rail, like panthers!
And Pierre le Grand was guide.

We were eight and twenty men,
And we stepped like careful ghosts,
Itching foot and itching cutlass,
Through those black and snoring hosts.

Down the waist and up the gangways!
By an open door we stand.
Once more comes the cursing laughter,
"I go first," said Pierre le Grand.

Tiptoe down the reeking passage—
Then a great carved door, ajar—
And we stand with grinning faces
Where the drunk hidalgos are.

Six men bending o'er their dice-cups,
And they turned not hand nor head.
And the only man that saw us
Lay beside a divan—dead.

Not a sound. The dices rattle
Only, and an oath, half choked;
While the candle to the low beams
Sputtered, flared and wildly smoked.

Tiptoe, and behind each Spaniard
Soft a pirate took his stand,
Like a Memnon out of Egypt—
And the first was Pierre le Grand.

"Cinq and deuce! One throw more! Sixes!
Back, ye dotards, to Peru!
Farthings, ducats, guineas, ingots!"
And his drunken head he threw

Backwards, chuckling golden triumph—
Gurgled, stared—*"Christ! Devils!"* then
Silence, a quenched candle, darkness—
And the gasps of choking men.

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"Devils!" "Ay!" laughed Pierre. *"Have mercy!"*
"First I'll have your ship and gold,
Farthings, ducats, guineas, ingots,
And the white pearls in your hold."

And Pierre le Grand glared hotly
From his fierce and bloodshot eye,
"Bind, gag! And the round half dozen
Throttle, if one makes a cry!"

Then, a whispered word, and softly
Twenty pirates at his beck
Tiptoed down the reeking passage
To the noisy slumber-deck;

Crouched, and watched like heavenly angels
O'er the blesséd, till the day
Broke, and sullenly the sailors
Turned their ship Tortuga-way.

III

In Tortuga there were stirrings
When we loomed against the east—
Tumult and wild shouts: "The Spaniard
Comes to murder and to feast!"

And they hid their gems and bullion,
Pushed wide many a secret panel—
Set a score of guns a-gaping
O'er the narrow harbour-channel.

And the women to the Mountain
And the wild sea-caverns fled—
For the Spaniard sleeps not singly
When his blood on blood is fed.

Boom! Across our bows a cannon
Splashed its challenge in the bay.
But before an hour, Tortuga
Greeted us a better way.

For the Bishop blest our coming
And the Governor shed tears,
And the girls danced round and loved us
With new jewels in their ears.

Ten swift days and nights Tortuga
Was a wild and dizzy land,
Save for one man counting ducats
On his galleon—Pierre le Grand.

Eight and twenty shining mountains
From the glowing casks he told.
And the tenth night a crazed pirate
Stabbed and killed him o'er his gold.

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STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VIII—Strange Stories of the Army and Navy

BOUT five miles north-east of the National Capital is a green field which was the theatre of several "affairs of honour" between prominent men during the first half of the nineteenth century. Known as "The Bladensburg Duelling Ground," it is as famous as nearby Bladensburg hamlet, where our Army was routed by the British on their way to capture our capital, in the latter part of August, 1814. As the disgraceful fate which befell the nondescript army of defence was really the fault of a bickering, vacillating government, so the sad affair between two of the bravest men of our early Navy was indirectly due to this same source; for, had the Government not made a scapegoat of Commodore James Barron in trying him by court martial for neglect of duty when in command of the *Chesapeake* during its encounter with the British vessel *Leopard,* June, 1807, it is certain that the ill-feeling between Commodores Barron and Decatur—the latter a member of the court of inquiry and the court martial—would not have been engendered, much less terminate in a duel on Bladensburg field.

Barron was declared guilty of neglect, when in reality the Government, under whose supervision the ill-starred *Chesapeake* was fitted out, was to blame for sending it to sea unprepared as to guns and crew, and he was sentenced to five years' suspension from the service, without pay or emoluments. This was most humiliating to the ambitious man of forty years, who had the blood of sea warriors flowing in his veins. He had begun his naval career under his father, who was "Commodore of all the armed vessels of the Commonwealth of Virginia" during the Revolution and the Confederation. In 1798, though the Navy was not extensive, the young Virginian, then aged twenty, was appointed a lieutenant under Commodore John Barry, called "The Father of the American Navy." The new navy was established in 1794, and John Barry, who had served his country so well during the Revolution, was named its senior officer and placed in command of *The United States.* The Navy Department was not established until 1801; so Barry, bent on building up our Navy, was practically the pilot. It was considered an honour to be assigned to his command; and young Stephen Decatur of Maryland was fully conscious of this when he began his naval career as a midshipman on Barry's ship, *The United States,* though he was about eleven years younger than Barron.

THE BARRON-DECATUR DUEL

After Barron received his sentence he went to Europe, where he resided during the second war with Great Britain, chafing under his disgraceful inactivity; while Decatur, lauded and loved as "Bayard of the Seas," mounted higher and higher in the official and social scale. In 1818, Barron was again in his native land, and applied for restoration to the rank he bore before the *Chesapeake* affair. Decatur, then a member of the Board of Naval Commissioners, opposed this; not that he had personal spite against Barron, but that he feared such a course would establish a precedent that would encourage laxness in the service.

But when Barron opened fire by correspondence, Decatur did grow personal, and the correspondence waxed acrimonious, aided by talebearers, who abound in official circles, carrying veneered slander with no less zest than the village gossips run with the plain, unvarnished tale to tavern or post-office. Finally, the haughty Decatur informed Barron that he would pay no further attention to any communications from him unless they touched upon settlement by pistols. To this Barron replied that he was ready and willing to meet Decatur on equal ground at any time. On the 24th of January, 1820,

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eight days after receiving this letter, Decatur wrote accepting the challenge, and referred Barron to his friend, Commodore Bainbridge, who was to make all arrangements.

Barron was taken seriously ill with bilious malaria—a common complaint in Washington then—and it was a week before he was able to read and reply to the challenge, saying that when on his feet again he would consult Bainbridge as to final arrangements for the duel. This was done, and the time designated was March 20th; the place, Bladensburg, Maryland. Barron's second was Captain Jesse O. Ellsworth. When the two naval heroes stood facing each other on the field, Barron, who was nearsighted, and who really believed that he would fall in the fight, said to Decatur, the hero not only of the Navy, but of other duels:

"Sir, I hope on meeting you in another world, we shall be better friends than we have been in this."

Decatur replied emphatically: "I have never been your enemy, sir!"

The exchange was like one shot, and both men fell to the newly greened earth. As they rested there, scarcely ten feet apart, Barron, who was first to recover, proposed to the gasping Decatur that they shake hands and be friends before they met in Heaven. (He was so sure they were both to die, and so certain that a Great Judge would not censure either for this affair of honour.)

Decatur, through whose body the bullet had passed, leaving a mortal wound, managed to reiterate that he had never been his enemy, and that he freely forgave him taking his life, but he could never forgive those who had stimulated him to it.

"Would to God, you had said this yesterday!" cried Barron, stretching out his hand to his dying foe, who sought to touch it as he was being conveyed to the waiting carriage; followed by the last words of Barron, who was also being assisted to his coach: "Everything has been conducted honourably. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart!"

On the 22nd of March, the handsome, gallant Stephen Decatur, then in his fortieth year, breathed his last at his home on Lafayette Square, Washington, leaving a childless widow to mourn him for forty years. He was well beloved in Washington, and his military funeral was supplemented by a long procession of citizens in carriages and on foot, who followed his coffin to the vault at Kalorama —the country home of Joel Barlow, the patriot-poet, a strong friend of the Decaturs. For nearly a quarter of a century the remains of the naval hero rested there, then it was conveyed to St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia, and a fitting monument erected over it.

Barron was ill for a long time from his wounds and the mental depression following the tragedy. Gradually, thousands who had censured him in the *Chesapeake* and Decatur affairs saw the error of their judgment, especially when he was restored to an honourable position in the Navy. When he died, thirty years after the duel, he was highly regarded as the senior officer of the American Navy. Like Decatur, he was buried with military and civic honours; and while thousands of pilgrims have visited the grave of Decatur in St. Peter's thousands also have journeyed to old St. Paul's, at Norfolk, to do silent honour to Barron.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN KNIGHT

The records of courts martial are full of tragedies, though few are as striking as that which resulted in the Decatur-Barron duel. To the majority, the fact that a man has been placed on trial in any court blemishes his character, whether he be guilty or not; and what is true of courts in general is no less true of courts martial.

Recently, Captain Austin M. Knight, U. S. N., senior officer, and slated for promotion to rear admiral by January, 1911, was tried by a court of seven rear admirals convened at the Norfolk Navy Yard on charges of "culpable negligence and inefficiency in the performance of duty," in connection with the ordinance tests on the monitor *Puritan,* held at Hampton Roads, November, 1910, according to instructions from Congress. After the explosion following the charges of four hundred pounds of gelatin, resulting in the wrecking and sinking of the monitor, it was reported by the board

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of inquiry that it floated for twenty-two hours, and the fact that it was allowed to sink in the mud, so that a wrecking company was necessary to raise it, was attributed to Captain Knight. The court martial honourably acquitted Captain Knight of the charge against him; but Secretary Meyer disapproved of the findings—it is said in order that he could defend his department from the criticisms of the House Naval Committee—but, when the case was referred back to the court for reconsideration it reaffirmed Knight's acquittal, and he was restored to duty. While on trial, Captain Knight was under arrest, and his wife became seriously ill and died during the period when he was detained at Norfolk by the court martial. Because of this, and the fact that Knight is broken over the blot placed on his fair record just about the time he should have been promoted, his brother officers are deeply, though silently, incensed. They claim that he is one of the most studious and conscientious men in the United Service, and was the victim of the rage for investigations, which seems to obsess a certain destructive element in Washington, who do not seem to realise that even if they acquit the victim, they send him out scarred for life.

Of recent years the Navy Department is following the long-established practice of England and France, in using condemned vessels as targets to experiment in the science of armament and armour; and some of the ships for which we have an almost human affection—the old *Texas,* which took a leading part in the battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898; the *Katahdin,* which was the objective point for sightseers at naval ports for years, and never taken seriously by the Navy Department until the Bureau of Ordnance and Construction remodelled it for a target, and the old *Florida*—have served the Navy by ending their careers in mock battles.

THE "CONSTITUTION" PETITION

When Charles J. Bonaparte was Secretary of the Navy, he suggested in his report for 1905 that the historic frigate, *Constitution,* or *Ironsides,* be used for experimental purposes—adding: "If for purely sentimental reasons, it be thought that this supposed veteran of our old wars be entitled to a warrior's death, she might be used as a target for some of the ships of our North Atlantic fleet and sunk by their fire."

Up rose all Boston and attacked this proposition of Bonaparte of Baltimore with Bunker-Hill fervour; and soon it seemed to the Navy Department and Congress that Massachusetts was leading the rest of the country in an indignation meeting, and that the poem which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote about half a century previous, when it was proposed to break up *Old Ironsides* and sell her timber, was so widely quoted that it had reached the volume of a war cry. Though, to be sure, he did write:

> O! better that her shattered hulk
> Should sink beneath the wave;
> Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
> And there should be her grave—"

that did not suggest that she be bombarded to death by the new American Navy!

The monster petition to Congress was headed by the Honourable John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy in President McKinley's Cabinet, and it was filled with so many signatures that it was long enough to serve as a carpet for the aisles in the House of Representatives. The defendants won, though Secretary Bonaparte in his report for the following year declared he had no reason to change his opinion regarding the disposal of the old ship.

DEEDS OF HEROISM

A cursory glance at the records of the Army and Navy Departments would reveal the fact that deeds of heroism are not confined to times of war, and no one knows at what hour a hero may be born on land or sea. Within less than a decade a dozen serious explosions have occurred on the battleships, resulting in many deaths and maimed. But in almost every instance these might have been more disastrous were it not for the presence of mind and heroism of some of the crew.

When the magnificent new flagship *Connecticut* was participating in target practice off Cape Cod, in October, 1907,

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Lieutenant William Piggott Cronan—a graduate of the Naval Academy in the class of 1900—lost his right index finger in his successful attempt to prevent a terrible explosion in the turret, which would undoubtedly have killed or maimed all the men who were in it engaged in firing the four eight-inch guns. Just as the last bag of powder was being hoisted into the breech, Lieutenant Cronan noticed that it was leaking; and knowing that if the breech-block were to grind the loose grains they would ignite and explode the entire charge of powder in the gun with disastrous results—he called to the men:

"Silence!"

All but one stood still; and that man was the one whom the lieutenant wished most to obey—the man about to swing the breech-block and lock it. Quickly realising that the man did not hear the order, and there was not a second to spare, the lieutenant rushed forward and thrust his hand between the wall of the gun and the breech-block. The block was swung to, and nipped off the hero's forefinger above the first joint, which formed a stop-wad and prevented a terrible disaster. The onlookers were shocked, as they realised how that little bit of bleeding flesh stood between them and death; and the man who was the cause of the sacrifice fell limp and had to be carried below.

Last summer, as the Sixty-ninth Coast Artillery at Fortress Monroe was conducting the usual practice, an explosion took place in one of the big batteries, killing eleven men and wounding several others. A greater disaster would have occurred, had it not been for two officers and two modest privates. Captain Prentice and Lieutenant Hawes, after the first shock, rushed about extinguishing bits of burning powder, and then carried off two fifty-pound bags of powder lying near flame. As they rushed past with their awful burdens, two unknown privates followed their example, and carried off the two remaining fifty-pound bags to a place of safety. Lieutenant Van Duessen, whose leg was broken and face burned by escaping gases, clung to the railing of the platform and called to those who came to his assistance to leave him alone, and go at once to others whose clothing was sprinkled by grains of powder which they were unable to remove. When the dead were buried with impressive ceremonies, in sight of inspiring Hampton Roads, and inquiries were made for the heroes, the men shrugged aside the mantles of glory, declaring that no man had done anything more than he expected to do while he was in the service of the United States.

It is well that since the foundation of our Republic the Government has substantially recognised the valour of Uncle Sam's sons—though, as in other walks of life, many heroes go undecorated and unsung because proper attention is not called to their deeds. Medals of gold, silver and bronze; swords, prize money, and promotions, are some of the rewards which Congress has bestowed on naval and military heroes since the beginning of the nineteenth century; and frequently, when the hero died in his brave act, his relatives have received a token of regard from the Government. Congress has frequently recommended that the President bestow a medal, and, in turn, the President has requested Congress to recognise gallant service—there seems to be no hard and fast rule about this matter; though there is regarding the reward; for it is only acts of the very highest order of bravery which are rewarded by gold medals. There are instances when a commander and his men are given awards at the same time, though not of the same intrinsic value. One of the most recent examples of this was when Admiral Dewey and his crew were awarded medals for their valour at Manila.

THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME

Resembling a beautiful baronial estate is the National Soldier's Home for the Regular Army, with its five hundred acres of cultivated gardens, farm and lawns and its primeval woodlands, interspersed by buildings which have cost upward of four million dollars, and which commands a wide sweep of country, embracing the National Capital, lying to the south. It has long been considered one of the most enchanting parks about Washington, and several Presidents have made it their summer quarters when the

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heat and hum of the White House were too much for them. Lincoln loved to come to the Anderson villa, named for Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, though many still call it "The President's Cottage," notwithstanding the fact that President Arthur was the last of the Presidents to sojourn in its simple rooms, around the windows of which roses and honeysuckles clambered. Lincoln's last leisurely drive was made through these peaceful grounds, shortly before his assassination; and he spoke feelingly to his wife of the time when they could go back to Illinois, and be able to enjoy many outings free from official cares. This is one of the interesting stories of this home for soldiers; but the most interesting has to do with its foundation, which occurred sixty years ago last March.

In 1844, General Winfield Scott gave special prominence in his official report to the need of a home for soldiers of the regular army—not only for the aged, but for the young who had become disabled in the line of duty. Though other army officers joined him in the agitation, nothing was accomplished until 1848, when the brave old soldier—who entered the United States Army forty years previous, and had been the hero of two wars—sent his draft for $118,791, part of the tribute which he levied on the City of Mexico during the war, and asked that the Secretary of War accept it as the nucleus of a fund for an asylum for men of the army. This generous action roused Congress to pass an act in March, 1851, for the founding of the home, which now has more than twelve hundred warrior guests. The term *guests* is used advisedly; for there are no more proud nor pampered set of soldiers in the whole world than those who enjoy the hospitality of the place. The fact that it was founded on prize money, and has been kept up by funds which come almost directly from the regular army—each man contributing twelve-and-one-half cents per month during his service, to which is added money forfeited by deserters, or belonging to unclaimed estates of deceased soldiers—makes the inmates of the home very independent. They delight in relating this to visitors to the buildings and grounds; and some of them, waving their hickory canes in an effort to embrace the rich acres and the splendid buildings, are apt to tell you most emphatically:

"It's all ours! We earned it and own it; and we don't owe anything to anybody living for it. General Scott—for whom that white marble building is named, and whose statue commands the brow of the hill—is the man that some of us tough soldiers pray for—when we do pray! Not one bit of tribute to any but him—mind you!"

FUNSTON AND FROST

It is a well-known trait of the men of the United Service to fight as fierce verbal battles over the honours due their respective commanders and company or crew, as physically to battle with the enemies of the country. Though thousands who read of General Frederick Funston's feat, in swimming the Marilao River with his command, under heavy fire from the insurrectionists, have forgotten it, not so the men of the First South Dakota Volunteers, under Captain Albert S. Frost. They side with their commander in claiming that, on the 27th of March, 1899, when General McArthur, commanding, ordered Frost to advance on the enemy entrenched along the Marilao, they found that the railroad had been torn up with the exception of the stringers. Two companies of the battalion crossed on these; while the remaining two, obeying the command of Frost, plunged into the river, with firearms held high above their heads, and tried to wade across. The undercurrent was so great in the river swollen by the tide from the bay, and the fire of the enemy so hot, that they were obliged to strike out and swim before they had proceeded far. They contend that it was the next day when the Twentieth Kansas, under Funston, came along and repeated their feat—one which they did not consider much more dangerous than others they had performed in the Philippine campaign. But when Funston was given first credit in the press—though General Otis did praise Colonel Frost and his men in his report of the campaign, and recommended that Frost be brevetted—the men from Dakota were chagrined; even though their beloved commander laugh-

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ingly declared it all happened because he had no press agent like Funston, who had been a newspaper man!

WEST POINT AND THE RECRUITING STATION

In times of peace two roads are open to the ambitious young man who hopes to become eventually an officer in the United States Army: one starts from the recruiting station and the other from West Point. In the first instance, he does not need any influence to get in, and must depend on his own merit to pass the different grades until he is permitted to take the examination for a commission. In the second instance, Congressional or Presidential influence opens West Point to him; where, provided with a modest allowance and surrounded by inspiring scenery, he passes his time agreeably until the proud day when he graduates and receives his commission as a second lieutenant.

Not many aspirants for shoulder straps are in favour of the recruit route, if there is any chance of going by the cadet route; and Frank Bloom, son of the post tailor at Fort Myer, Virginia, belonged with the majority when he and his parents asked an influential man to have President Roosevelt give him a West Point education. President Roosevelt, for some reason or another, was not inclined to do this, and suggested that young Bloom try the recruit route. Neither downcast nor injured, the young man obeyed, and worked so well that it seemed but a short while before he reached the point to take an examination for a commission. Then he encountered a fortress of race prejudice, when Colonel Joseph Garrard, commandant of the post, after endorsing on his application the fact that he possessed all the virtues and qualifications necessary for the rank, added that, as he was of Jewish persuasion, and the son of the post tailor, he was not desirable in the command as an officer, who would necessarily be a social associate with the other officers and their families.

The cause of withholding the appointment came to the ears of Mrs. Bloom; and this courageous mother crossed the Potomac to Washington, and there enlisted the services of Honourable Simon Wolf to carry her son's case to the President. President Taft acted promptly, directing an investigation, and then asked the Secretary of War to reprimand the offending officer, and warn him not to repeat the offence.

This country has much to be grateful for to the Jewish race; not only now, but from the beginning of our struggles for Independence. There is a movement on foot to erect a memorial to Haym Salomon, who lent, without security, nearly three-quarters of a million dollars to assist the Continental service. He died in prison before he was able to adjust his affairs, and left a widow and four children in want.

THE PRESERVATION OF MONTICELLO

It is known only to a small percentage of those who venerate the memory of Thomas Jefferson that his beautiful home and estate "Monticello" has been preserved only through the efforts of a Jewish family; and not even Mount Vernon has to-day the soul of hospitality which we find still alive at Monticello. You pay a fee of twenty-five cents to enter Mount Vernon—a fact which makes admirers of the "Father of His Country" blush—but at "Monticello" you come as you might have come in the days when Jefferson was its genial host.

About nine years after Jefferson's death, when the lordly estate and the classical home were about to be divided, Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy, U. S. N., learning this deplorable fact, hastened to buy the estate, and to gather in what lands had been sold by the Jefferson heirs and Jefferson himself during his last years. The magnificent place now belongs to the Commodore's nephew, Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, United States Representative from New York; so that for three-quarters of a century this historic shrine has been preserved by a Jew who served with great distinction in the American Navy, and his heirs.

The most interesting part which Commodore Levy played in the American Navy was in causing flogging, so degrading to the men, to be abolished. He was a disciplinarian, but he abhorred that form of discipline; and he lobbied be-

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fore Congress, about 1850, to have the practice discontinued. He furnished Members of Congress with cats-o'-nine tails to illustrate the horrible punishment, as they denounced it on the stump; for he wished the people to carry the question over the heads of the Naval Board, and insist on Congress making such punishment illegal. He gained his battle, and those who are happy in visiting "Monticello" may well salute the full-length oil portrait of the Commodore in the stately hall, when they read on the scroll he carries in his hand—

"Author of the Abolition of Flogging in the Navy of the United States."

DIFFERENCES IN RANK

Differences in rank in the United Service make a difference in the social status of the men and their families, when the latter are inhabiting the same place. This is a state of affairs which scarcely can be changed, even in a so-called democratic country. The men recognise this, as a rule, and are not foolish over the distinction; but the women are not so easily convinced that it is right; and if their men do not wear the epaulettes, they are inclined to want them to "wear chips" on their shoulders in order to show that they are "just as good as any other American."

For the discipline of our service, it is well the men are not prone to heed these rebels; and many fine stories of their accepting the decree of demarkation are told—sometimes by the men after they have mounted from the ranks. There is the story of two sons of a respected and wealthy man who were given equal starts in life. One entered West Point, graduated with honours, and was rapidly promoted in the service. The other entered into the zest of sowing a field full of wild oats before he reached his majority. In vain did his father help him to his feet; in vain did his mother and sisters plead with him to keep their name unstained; he went from one thing to another, until his father finally disowned him. Then he seemed to wake up suddenly; and, going to a distant city, he enlisted in the United States Army. Soon he found himself in his brother's command; but not by so much as a look did either betray the fact that they knew each other, and no one at the post was cognisant of the fact that the splendid young captain was brother to the raw recruit.

For awhile the black sheep stayed inside the fold; then one night he strayed into town and got wildly drunk, in a brawl almost killing a man. When he was on trial his officer brother came to him, and begged him to accept help in the form of counsel and money. Then the black sheep showed that he was not dyed in the wool:

"I am not your brother; you are mistaken. You can do nothing for me without hurting your standing in the service —for I am a private and you are my superior officer. You are not supposed to even recognise me out of the service." And saluting his superior officer, who could not deny all his brother said, he turned his face to the opposite side of his cell—content to wait trial alone.

Distinctions of rank in the service may be acknowledged by the men, but what they do object to is discrimination against their uniform when they move about the world—at cafés, theatres and dance halls, seeking what pleasure the world may give them as a change from their monotonous duties. They have frequently been ejected from such public places, not because of ungentlemanly conduct, but because of their uniform, which seems to injure the sight of the particular patrons, who deem it "common." This fact has been called to the attention of Congress, with the result that we will no doubt be treated to accounts of arrests for assault of parties who dare criticise loudly, much less touch roughly, the uniform which clothes the forms of the men who have enlisted in the Army and Navy of the United States.

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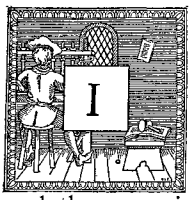
THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW

BY FELIX TRENT CARNEY



IN any of the established Academies of Letters, when a member passes away there is always a candidate waiting for the place, the gap closes in, the ranks are filled again, and the organisation goes on as before. In that larger and broader World-Academy which exists not by any printed constitution and by-laws, but by the tacit consent of the universal brotherhood of letters, matters are ordered otherwise; when one of these great figures of cosmopolitan fame is lost to us there is a void left like that in a forest when some mighty oak has fallen. It is idle to talk for the moment of filling in the gap; the havoc wrought by the fall is all too recent, the lesser magnitude of the surrounding growth too painfully apparent. "The king is dead, long live the king!" does not apply to the rarer heights of literature in which there must perforce be many an interregnum.

Quite recently so many giant oaks have fallen that the ground seems to be still quivering with the shock. Almost within the year Scandinavia has lost Björnson, Russia has been bereaved of Tolstoy, Italy has had Fogazzaro taken from her, while France's losses, although numbering among them no single figure so conspicuous, include writers of such wide note as Edouard Rod, Jean Moréas and no less than three Academicians, among them the subtle critic and novelist, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüe. And if instead of a single year we extend our glance backward over the past decade we see no longer a series of scattered losses but a decimation. The interesting question arises, How are the broken ranks of the world's literature to be filled again and who are there left to-day to take the place of the fallen standard bearers?

Now, when a writer of cosmopolitan fame like Tolstoy or Zola or Ibsen passes away, there is a curious and illogical impulse on the part of most people—so far as they stop to think of the matter at all—to look around with a pessimistic shake of the head and lament that there is no precocious genius, no young and ardent spirit already giving proof of the divine fire. They forget all the slow years of patient accretion, all the long and unappreciated toil that in most cases formed the solid foundation on which the great writers who have gone from us built their fame. The process is here again quite like the life history of an oak: the giant of the grove dwarfs by comparison the tallest of his companions; but when he is gone some one of them in turn by the simple law of the survival of the fittest will slowly attain that fulness of growth that means supremacy. In letters as well as in life, nature is not in a hurry. Now and again some young writer shoots upward, overtopping his elders, as now and again a sapling outstrips its comrades by prodigious and unnatural growth. But too often such precocity means a quick loss of vitality, with no real strength at the base, no deep-rooted purpose. Some writers, like Maupassant and d'Annunzio, obtain a cosmopolitan recognition at an earlier age than others; some, like Fogazzaro and Anatole France, had to wait much longer before receiving their just dues. But the fact remains that the new immortals of cosmopolitan literature are in almost all cases drawn from the ranks of those who one or two decades earlier were already recognised as forming the advance guard of the younger generation of literary geniuses.

To realise this we have only to glance back to those volumes of literary criticism in which France was peculiarly prolific during the late nineties. A volume like René Doumic's *Les Jeunes,* which appeared precisely fifteen years ago, not only admirably illustrates the early prominence of those writers who are now in the front rank, but also curiously illustrates the flight of time—because at

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least two of the writers whom at that time he saw fit to rank among "The Young," namely, Edouard Rod and Huysmans, have since died in the full maturity of achievement. Maurice Barrès, Paul Margueritte, Maeterlinck and d'Annunzio are prominent among those whom at that time M. Doumic's keen critical instinct hailed as geniuses of the future; and he was among the earliest to recognise that the novels which d'Annunzio had then produced already entitled him to "an enviable place among contemporary writers of Europe." Similarly, if we take the trouble to glance through the volumes of Jules Lemaître, devoted to *Les Contemporains, La Vie Littéraire* of Anatole France and the various critical writings of Pellissier, Rod, and many another lesser authority, the interesting fact that cannot fail to strike us is that with just a few exceptions, all the more conspicuous for their rarity—Selma Lagerlöf, Blasco Ibánez, and Pirandello—practically every writer of European fame to-day was cordially recognised and carefully appraised in France fully fifteen years ago.

Who then are the leading writers of Europe to-day as compared, let us say, with those of a decade earlier? It is convenient to begin with France. In

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. PIERRE LOTI

"Loti's long series of delicate, fragile, exotic romances, seen through a mist of gentle melancholy, must remain for style, for artistry, and for their matchless landscape colouring in word and phrase among the few almost perfect products of contemporary French letters."

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1902, the champions of the realistic school, Flaubert, the de Goncourts, Maupassant, had passed away; Zola himself was destined to follow them within the year. The writers of the younger generation then coming into prominence were Bourget, Prévost, Loti, Anatole France, the brothers Margueritte, Maurice Barrès—to speak for the moment only of the novelists—and it is these who to-day stand at the very head of French fiction. The only change noticeable is that of their relative importance. With the wane of interest in the psychological novel of the boudoir, Bourget and Prévost found themselves constrained to seek for some deeper interest, some note of wider social and ethical import in their later novels; and frankly the change did not augment their reputation. Bourget has in a measure wisely reverted to that earlier field in which he stands un-

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. ANATOLE FRANCE

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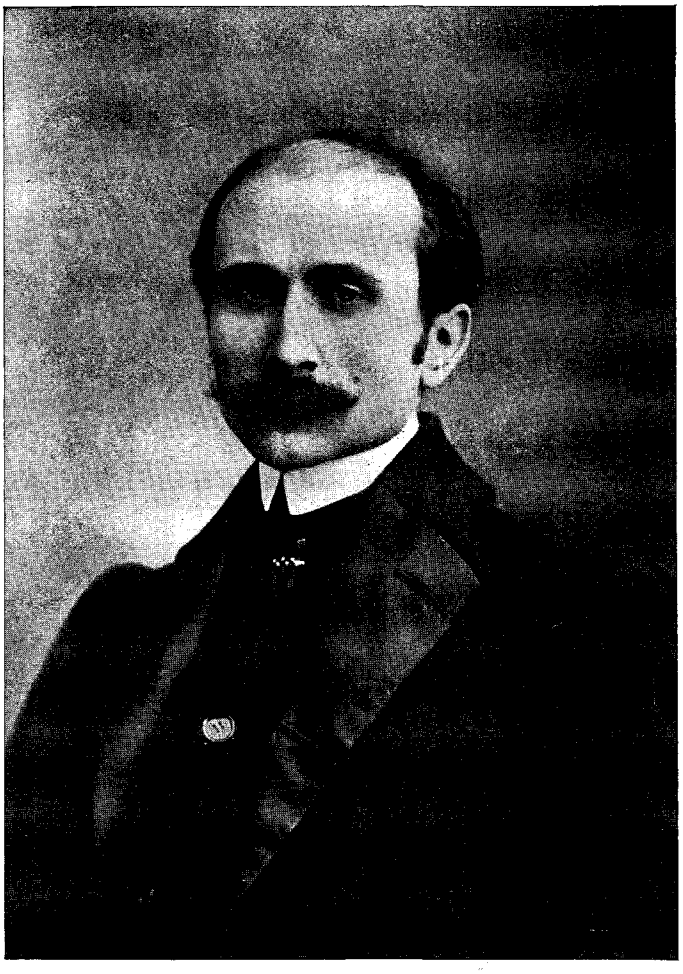
rivalled; Prévost is still experimenting, still groping his way. In some of his later books, as for instance in *Monsieur et Madame Moloch,* wherein he has tried to interpret social and political Germany of to-day in terms comprehensible to France, he leaves an impression of a brilliant effort which has just failed of success. Pierre Loti and Anatole France have enjoyed the peculiar advantage of remaining independent of fluctuations in literary taste, and of having always written first of all to please themselves. Loti's long series of delicate, fragile, exotic romances, seen through a mist of gentle melancholy must remain for style, for delicate artistry, and for their matchless landscape colouring in word and phrase among the few almost perfect products of contemporary French letters. Anatole France has a wider and a higher claim to recognition. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is to-day the most conspicuous living figure in French literature. Novelist, critic, historian, and philosopher by turn, he has brought to everything that he has touched the charm of a unique personality, the rich fruits of a rare erudition, the magic of an impeccable style. What Jules Lemaître once said of *Le Lys Rouge* applies equally to all of his writings: "His style is a composition more precious than Corinthian bronze. There is blended in



THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. EDMOND ROSTAND

Rostand's erratic audacities achieved for a time an extraordinary vogue.

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it something of Racine, of Voltaire, of Flaubert, of Renan, yet it always remains Anatole France. He has achieved the perfection of grace; he is the final flowering of the Latin genius."

Of the men who to-day are carrying on and modifying the traditions of French drama, men like Brieux, Donney, Mirbeau, Henri Bernstein, it is impossible in an article like the present to do

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

"D'Annunzio remains to-day the one star of the first magnitude in Italian letters as novelist, poet, and dramatist."

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more than make brief mention. According to their various abilities they are doing valiant service; but not one of them has achieved a vogue comparable to that which for the time being at least has rewarded Rostand's erratic audacities. Yet one feels that they are building on a firmer foundation than the author of *Chantecler*. With Maurice Maeterlinck the case is quite different. From the days when he wrote his naïve, somewhat inarticulate little dramas, which overzealous admirers insisted upon hailing as Shakespeare pure and simple, he has made enormous strides. It was easy for critics to dismiss *La Princesse Maleine* as "a charming error"—but it long since ceased to be possible to dismiss the rich tragedy of his later plays, the subtle and charming wisdom of his essays with anything less than a cordial recognition of their author as one of the most wide reaching influences in contemporary letters.

Turning to Italy, we are struck at once with a more sweeping change than in France; and for the simple reason that the Italian men of letters who have achieved an international reputation are much fewer in number. A decade ago if one had been asked who were the most prominent of Italian writers, the answer

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. A. PALACIO VALDÈS
"Valdès is writing little and has admittedly fallen away from the early promise."

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would probably have been Carducci, De Amicis, Verga, Fogazzaro, d'Annunzio, Rovetta, Matilde Serao, Emilio de Marchi, and in a different line of writing Paolo Mantegazza and Cesare Lombroso. Of these no less than six are dead: namely, Carducci, De Amicis, Fogazzaro. Rovetta, de Marchi, Mantegazza and Lombroso—while Verga, after keeping the world waiting year after year in vain hope of the long promised third volume, *La Duchessa di Leyra* in his series of *The Vanquished,* finally brought forth a volume which proved to be nothing more than a novelisation of one of his peasant plays, *Dal Tuo al Mio.* D'Annunzio remains to-day the one star of the first magnitude in Italian letters, as novelist, poet and dramatist. That his fiction is frankly pagan and that his highest philosophy of life is a sensual worship of physical beauty is undeniable; but this does not alter the fact that there is no other Italian who can approach him in artistic technique, in the music of his verse or the exquisite colour and rhythm of his prose. There are, however, two writers of fiction who have come into more or less prominence within the past six or seven years who deserve something more than a passing word. These are the Sardinian novelist, Grazia Deledda and the Sicilian, Luigi Pirandello. Grazia Deledda is a native of Nuoro, in the wildest, ruggedest region of her wild and rugged island; and the greater part of her work bears the imprint of the hard and primitive peasant life amid which she was reared. Her stories, long and short, have the sombreness of Verga, without his wonderful conciseness of phrase, his intuitive foreshortening of events—but at the same time she has what Verga lacks, a sympathetic and quite feminine interest in her people, which softens and mellows the grimness of their narrow lives and the savageness of their setting.

Pirandello, a native of Girgenti, and now a professor of rhetoric at Rome, is the latest comer in that group of Sicilian "verists," whose leaders are Verga, Capuana and de Roberto. Unlike most Italian writers, he is surprisingly prolific. and the rapidity of his production seems in no way to interfere with its uniform high quality. The prevailing note of his work is an incisive and somewhat grim irony. He will, for instance, tell you a story of a defaulting cashier who knows that his misdeed will be found out on the morrow and who spends his last *lire* for a railway ticket to the coast, intending to drown himself, but throughout an entire day is kept from his purpose by the well-meant importunities of some friends who have come on a pleasure excursion and insist that he shall make merry with them. Besides several volumes of short stories, Pirandello's work includes a novel, *The Late Mattia Pascal,* which in the same characteristic vein of mordant humour narrates at great length the adventures of a man who, finding home conditions intolerable, escapes from them by allowing himself to be thought dead.

In Spain the prominent writers of ten years ago were Galdòs, Valdès, Valera, Pereda, Emilia Parda Bazàn and the dramatist Echegaray. Of these Pereda and Valera are dead; Valdès is writing little and has admittedly fallen away from the early promise of *Marta y Maria, José,* and *El Cuarto Poder;* and Señora Pardo Bazàn is devoting herself less and less to creative work and more and more to criticism. There is no question that to-day, as for many years past, Galdòs is the biggest figure in Spanish literature and also the most widely read. His achievement of a series of no less than forty historical novels under the general title *Episodios Nacionales* would alone entitle him to a high place in Spanish letters, even though one concedes that as works of art they fall considerably below his finer achievements, such *as Doña Perfecta.* In recent years, while carrying on his historical romance at a uniform rate of four a year, he has chosen to expend his more careful and finished efforts upon the drama rather than prose fiction, and in this field has achieved some noteworthy successes. Yet in spite of them, Echegaray's position as Spain's leading dramatist stands unchallenged in the eyes of the world at large.

It seems hardly more than yesterday that the simple and sufficient answer to the question, Who are the great Scandinavian writers? came in the form of a triumvirate, Ibsen, Björnson and Jonas Lie. These three, one and all, are now

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THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

"Among the steadily rising writers of a younger generation, the one who seems to demand careful watching on account of his exceptional promise is the Viennese, Arthur Schnitzler."

dead; and there is for the present no one in sight upon whom their mantles seem to have descended. The one figure in all Scandinavian literature who to-day looms at all large in the eyes of Continental Europe is Selma Lagerlöf, author of *Gosta Berling,* recipient of the Nobel prize two years ago, and who first and last has exerted a strong reactionary influence on Swedish letters in favour of old customs, old legends and the old simplicity of life and speech and thought. Scandinavia, it has often been said, has been too prone to draw her literary impulses straight from Paris. Selma Lagerlöf is a notable exception; she is emphatically of the soil. In substance, in treatment and in spirit, her work is home-spun, the unmistakable, inalienable product of her native Wärmland.

There remains space to say only a bare word or two concerning conditions in Germany and in Russia. Of the few German writers whose names are really familiar to the average Anglo-Saxon reader, it need only be said that Sudermann and Hauptmann are both still living and still pursuing their respective ideals of art—with this difference, that the popularity of Hauptmann has held its own while that of Sudermann seems to be on the wane. Among the steadily rising writers of a younger generation the one who seems to demand careful watching on account of his exceptional promise is the Viennese, Arthur Schnitzler. From the time of his debut some fifteen years ago with a little volume of grim hospital sketches he has made some rather astonishing forward strides—not even strides, by any means, for he has had his failures as well as his successes; but both in the drama and in prose fiction he is one of the modern forces in German letters which must be reckoned with. His recent little volume entitled *Reigen,* written with a frank audacity that disarms prudish criticism, is a gem of its own special kind, easily taking place beside the cleverest social satire of Gyp or of Henri

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Lavédan. It is a trifle, if you like; nevertheless, in its completed cycle of amorous adventures it runs the gamut of all Viennese society, high and low, touching off the different types, male and female, with a laughing satire that nevertheless has beneath it a lurking sting.

Much has been written regarding a

THE IMMORTALS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-MORROW. SELMA LAGERLÖF

"The one figure in all Scandinavian literature who to-day looms at all large in the eyes of Continental Europe is Selma Lagerlöf.

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possible successor to Tolstoy. Such a treatment of the question seems at present rather futile. The sum and substance of the matter may most advantageously be put thus: there was a Tolstoy, unique in his life, in his bursts of genius and in his undoubted defects. There are, on the other hand, able writers like Korolenko, Gorki, Chekov and some others. They have done worthy work, and they may do better in the future. But we shall not have a second Tolstoy, nor, having the first, is there any good reason why we should demand another. Perhaps the ultimate greatness of the real masters in any art is that they stand alone and when gone cannot be expected to come again.

THE DJOLAN

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Soft was the night, the eve how airy,
When through the big, fat dictionary
I wandered on in careless ease,
And read the a's, b's, c's and d's!

But stop! What is this form I see,
Beginning with a hump-backed d?
I pause! I gasp! I falter there!
It is the djolan, I declare!

It is the djolan, wond'rous word!
The *Buceros plicatus* bird!
Ne'er, ne'er before had I the bliss
To meet a djolly word like this!

'Twas djust before my dinner hour—
Well, let the djuicy djoint go sour!
Djoyful I read. I djust must see
What this strange djolan word may be!

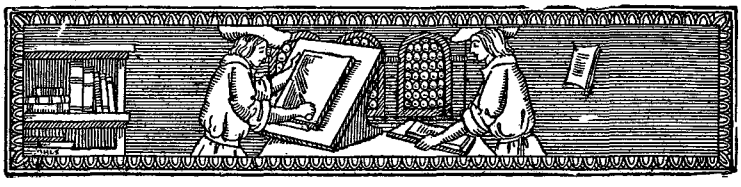
Ah! ha! It is a noun! A noun!
(A "name word" as we say in town)
"*E. Ind.* The native name of the
Year bird." These are the words I see.

"A hornbill with a white tail and—"
The big book trembles in my hand—
"—plicated membrane at the base—"
Ah, well-a-day! If *that's* the case!

"—base of the beak, inhabiting—"
Oh! dictionary, wond'rous thing!
"—the Sunda Islands——" Where would we
Without our dictionary be?

"—Malacca, e-t-c." That's all!
I let the dictionary fall.
I am replete. All is explained.
Knowledge (it's power) is what I've gained!

Soft was the night, the eve how airy,
I read no more the dictionary,
But Oh! and Oh! my heart was stirred
To learn the djolan was a bird!



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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

HERBERT A. L. FISHER'S "THE REPUBLICAN TRADITION IN EUROPE"*

In this volume Mr. Fisher, of New College, Oxford, author of *The Mediæval Empire* and *A Political History of England, 1485-1547*, has published his Lowell Lectures of 1910. It is a survey of European history from the fall of the Roman Empire down to the establishment of the present republican government in Portugal, but while it necessarily contains the familiar substance of historical summaries, even of rather elementary manuals, it presents a new and useful arrangement. It gathers for the first time in a single volume whatever pertains to the development of the republican idea in modern times. But its range is not so wide as one might expect, for it does not seek out the remote origins of democratic thought or its sporadic and ineffectual expressions in the Middle Ages. In the course of about sixty pages he says all that he cares to say about mediæval republicanism and the Protestant revolution and thenceforth traces the movement from the rise of the French Republic to the present day. So his survey is virtually limited to the last century and a half.

One thing is brought out very clearly in such a survey and that is how little connection there has been between democratic progress and definite republican programmes. The philosophers of the eighteenth century with few exceptions favoured a monarchical form of government. Turgot held that bad laws can be best attacked under a monarchy, and that progress can be more rapid because the monarch can often act according to the views of the enlightened few instead of waiting for the slow advance of the common mind. Montesquieu held that the conditions precedent of a republic were a small territory, a large supply of public virtue, and an absence of large fortunes. Rousseau believed also that only small and poor states could prosper as republics, and Voltaire, who was at odds with the Genevan philosopher on so many other points, agreed with him in this. So late as 1789 the aims of the most advanced radicals were not republican. They sought merely a reorganised monarchy, with a better administration and judicial system, the abolition of privilege, of feudal dues, and of the militia, and other practical reforms. The Constituent Assembly was staunchly monarchist. A republic was not desired by the people or recommended by the philosophers; yet within the bare space of three years from that time a republic was established. A small republican group formed itself around the Jacobin advocate, M. Robert, whose newspaper, the *Mercure National*, declared for a republic on October 1, 1790, but the great parties held to their programme of constitutional monarchy and even after the King's attempted flight only a small body of extremists were professed republicans. But along with the contempt which the King's course inspired there arose a belief that since no calamity followed the successive curtailment of his powers the State could get along without him altogether. On September 2, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick captured Verdun. Two days later the Assembly declared war to the death against kings and kingship, and by the time the new Convention had assembled, the radical element in the country was won over to this view of kings as the natural enemies of democracy. On September 21, 1792, the second day of its session, it unanimously decreed the abolition of the monarchy.

The French Republic was a new phenomenon in the history of the world. The republics hitherto known in Europe had either been civic or federal, or essentially aristocratic, or a combination of all three. Milton's ideal republic was an aristocracy, Cromwell's very practical Commonwealth a mixture of aristocracy and dictatorship. The Swiss cantons, the Dutch provinces, the ancient Republic of Venice, were all governed upon aristocratic principles. But the French Republic was very different from these. It was a great unitary democratic State, founded in a sudden involution and by a wonderful manifestation of national energy.

*The Republican Tradition in Europe. By Herbert A. L. Fisher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

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Then follows an outline of the alternating periods of European political history, the "idealism of 1789," the "Terror of 1793," the "compromise of 1799," revolution, excess, reaction, repeating themselves in 1830, 1848 and 1871. The author has imparted no new spirit to the tale, which proceeds in the manner of the usual historical manual, rehearsing the swing of the pendulum, and reducing all events to terms of progress in the present sense of the word. As philosophers have often told us, our old beliefs are not refuted; they are merely outlived. Writers on the recent history of Europe credit us with no curiosity in regard to lost causes and merely report the progress of "liberal" ideas. An English-speaking reader is safe in guessing beforehand that any new treatise on Europe in the nineteenth century will turn out to be not a history but a political tract.

To be sure, Mr. Fisher sums up now and then the arguments of the old order. De Maistre, he says, built up "a compact edifice of shining paradox in honour of Absolutism in Church and State."

> De Maistre, the philosopher of the Catholic reaction, argued that States were never the product of an articulate process of deliberation, but that, springing from some hidden root, they grew in virtue of a mysterious organising principle of which no man could render an account. A country was made, not out of calculation but out of patriotism, and lived, not by the lamp of reasoned self-interest, but by the inner glow of a national tradition. Men did not obey written constitutions or philosophies; they obeyed mysteries. Active obedience could only be due to the deep inarticulate call of instinct. The Jacobins put out declarations of the Rights of Man, and established a system of popular government which was, as it always must be, nothing but organised ostracism. In so doing they were, according to De Maistre, ignoring the character of the world in which they lived. They believed that justice could be realised on earth whereas God is unjust in time though just in eternity; they thought that the world was rational, whereas it is a system of profound, solid, and vigorous absurdities; they believed in the existence of Humanity, whereas we can know nothing but individual men.

But he does not often gratify our curiosity as to what the other side had to say for itself, and even here he punctually despatches the unprogressive De Maistre with the flat assertion that "the Jacobins were the blind instruments of God." It is a simple faith, that of the liberal historian, and its results are somewhat monotonous. God desired the modern constitutional state. Political history merely records how He got it. It has little concern with actual men and offers no proof that they were essentially better off at one time than another. It is too busy congratulating God on His progress in constitutional government.

The author devotes his final chapter to proving that since 1870 the cause of republicanism has made no substantial progress in Europe, France being today the only great European republic. In Great Britain the kingship is stronger than ever. He quotes the comment of the London *Times* on the death of George IV in 1830.

> If George IV ever had a friend, a devoted friend—in any rank of life—we protest that the name of her or him has not yet reached us,

and contrasts it with the national grief on the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 and on the death of King Edward in 1910. Hostility to the kingship is on the decline in England. The chief cause, he thinks, is the feeling that the Crown holds the Empire together. That, he says, would be the answer of nine Englishmen out of ten if asked what they considered the chief value of the monarchy. The success of the United States proves only that a republican government is suited to a country that is geographically continuous. As Mr. Balfour said last year:

> You could never direct the Empire on that principle simply because, if you insisted on having an elected President in this country, he would be elected by an electorate of this country and not by the electorate of the Crown or of the Crown colonies.

As an instance of the decline of republicanism in Europe in recent years, he cites Norway's choice of the kingship on her separation from Sweden. No country would seem to be better suited to a

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republican form of government than Norway. It conformed to Montesquieu's requirements as to size, as to the character of the people, and as to the absence of large fortunes. After breaking away from Sweden she had a free choice among all the constitutional systems. The republican tradition flourished in Norway and there was a republican party headed by the famous novelist, Björnstjerne Björnson. The Norwegians as a whole, however, were not opposed to monarchy in itself, but only to unconstitutional government. For a generation the national leaders had been arguing for a constitutional monarchy. They could not consistently now turn radicals. A King with his dynastic alliances would afford a security of peace. Moreover, a republic, it was understood, would be less acceptable to Germany and England. A *plébiscite* was taken and the monarchical cause swept the country, even the republican Björnson advising the acceptance of a king.

The republican movement of Europe reached its zenith in 1848. The Latin world has experienced many subsequent conversions, and the weak monarchy of Portugal has recently been overthrown. Kingship is less secure in Spain and Italy than among the Teutonic, Scandinavian, or Slavonic peoples, and it is a nice question whether the cause of monarchy is more injured by its alliance with Ultramontanism or by its estrangement from the whole clerical connection in Italy. Yet the Republican party in Italy is overshadowed by the Socialists; the Republican party in Spain discredited by its association with anarchical or federalist aims. The accepted formula of political progress seems, if we are to be guided by the recent examples of Russia and Turkey, to be constitutional monarchy rather than republicanism.

He concludes in the words of Castelar:

All that we have defended, the Conservatives have realised. Who sustained the idea of the autonomy of Hungary? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realised it? A Conservative, Deák. Who advanced the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? Republicans. Who realised it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who preached the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realised it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who originated the idea of the unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfort. Who realised it? An Imperialist, a Cæsarist, Bismarck. Who has awakened the Republican idea, three times stifled in France? A celebrated poet, Victor Hugo; a great orator, Jules Faure; another orator, no less illustrious, Gambetta. Who has consolidated it? Another Conservative, Thiers.

C. M. French.

II

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson"*

The new edition, in four volumes, of the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, selected and edited by his friend, Sir Sidney Colvin, definitively supplants the earlier editions and requires us to rearrange the Stevenson collections on our shelves. For one thing, the so-called *Vailima Letters,* which formerly were published in a volume by themselves, are now set forth in their proper chronological relation with the other letters emanating from the same period of Stevenson's experience. It is curious to note how this new arrangement adds to the interest, by discounting the monotony, of those monthly budgets of news of his daily doings at Vailima, despatched with regular and somewhat mechanical fidelity to their ultimate editor, as representing the inner circle of his friends in London. Formerly this particular series seemed too taken up with chronicles of local and transitory matters—so full of living as to be a little empty of life—a record more of doing than of being. Of this his friendly correspondent complained while the series was in progress; and the complaint was shared, to some extent, by the wider circle of the public after Tusitala's death. The trouble was that in these letters Stevenson was assiduously writing news; and, even as an amateur, he lacked the inclination of the journalist. His best letters are records not of actions but of moods; they deal not with island politics, and outlandish ceremonials, and wars and the rumours of wars, but with the great mystery of the heart of man as embodied in the ever-fluctuating heart of R. L. S.

*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sidney Colvin. A New Edition: Rearranged in Four Volumes: With 150 New Letters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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In this Vailima period, while he was faithfully sending news to Sidney Colvin, he was writing less carefully and thoroughly, and therefore more personally, to several of his other friends; and the editorial expedient of scattering these intimate and esoteric letters through the more objective journals of these days gives the reader a keener sense than heretofore of that range and variety of interest and emotion which was at all periods the most salient characteristic of R. L. S.

For another thing, the new edition sets forth one hundred and fifty-five letters by Stevenson which were not included in the earlier collections, and four picturesque narrative epistles by Mrs. Stevenson which cover certain interesting events concerning which Louis himself happened not to write. Most of the hitherto unpublished letters date from the formative period of the writer's youth; and twenty-eight of them are addressed to the guardian spirit of his growing age, the wise and beautiful woman whose friendship taught him to realise the full stature of his own spiritual beauty—Mrs. Sitwell, who is now Lady Colvin.

For yet another thing, the new edition of the letters is marked with fewer excisions and suppressions than the earlier editions. Important proper names which formerly were indicated by an initial or a dash are now often given in full; and a careful collation of the different editions reveals that here and there whole paragraphs which formerly had been suppressed are now restored and published. As was to be expected in such cases, the passages not hitherto released are nearly always the most interesting, on personal grounds, in the letters they belong to.

A great deal of light is cast by the new letters on many significant phases of Stevenson's experience. For the first time is now revealed the full poignancy of that prolonged religious controversy with his father which constituted one of the two tragic crises of his youth. The martyrdom of this heart-breaking altercation was, for Louis, piteous to bear; but ultimately it served him, and us, in good stead, by forcing him, in the process of combatting his father's religion, to discover and define his own.

It is, perhaps, a little to be regretted that a veil is still drawn over that other tragic crisis of Louis's adolescence—his perilous but ultimately successful struggle against the urgings of a physical temperament too emphatically sexed. Only one or two guarded hints in Sir Sidney's introduction serve to indicate that Louis did not sail serenely over the seas of growing-up with three lilies in one hand and a wreath of seven stars upon his hair. But now that Stevenson has been buried more than sixteen years, it would seem that at least a little more should be said to cure the world at large of what may be called the pre-Raphaelite conception of him. He was not in his youth a thin-blooded æsthete; he did not suffer, like Amiel, from too entire spirituality; he was of the earth earthy as well as of the heaven heavenly; he was, as Henley said, at once "buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist." And this is the basis for the only criticism that might be offered against the setting forth successively of so many letters to Mrs. Sitwell, and so few to any men except Sir Sidney, during the period when two natures were still warring within him. The letters to Mrs. Sitwell are, of course, the most beautiful that he ever wrote to any one; and the world could ill afford to lose a line of that exquisite efflorescence of the spirit. But they give expression to only one phase of Stevenson's youth—the highest, to be sure, but still, out of many, one. These letters accentuate that resemblance to Shelley upon which in later years, when he came to know the poet's son, he liked to meditate. But the truth is that, take him all in all, Stevenson was more of this world than Shelley: he loved to beat luminous wings in the void, but he was emphatically not an angel, and (perhaps for that very reason) not ineffectual. While he was writing so reverently and so poetically to Mrs. Sitwell, he must also have written in his moods of ribaldry to Mr. Baxter, or to Henley, or to Simpson, or to Ferrier, or to some other companion of his Edinburgh sallies among publicans and sinners. Such, at least, would be the logical surmise; but possibly in those years his more earthly moods did not express them-

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selves in letters, or else the letters have been lost.

Several new letters to Henley illuminate Stevenson's relation with that most difficult of geniuses to get along with. In 1883 Henley took it upon himself to quarrel with an editor in some small cause of Stevenson's, and the latter thus reproved him:

> But as for these quarrels: in not many years shall we not all be clay-cold and safe below ground, you with your loud-mouthed integrity, I with my fastidious briskness—and—with all their faults and merits, swallowed in silence. It seems to me, in ignorance of cause, that when the dustman has gone by, these quarrellings will prick the conscience. Am I wrong? Let us a little imitate the divine patience and the divine sense of humour, and smilingly tolerate those faults and virtues that have so brief a period and so intertwined a being.

Loud-mouthed integrity—was ever a man more clearly characterised in two words? . . . It appears, from these new letters, that Henley had a far higher opinion than Stevenson of the plays they wrote together. These plays were taken up by Louis in rather an amateur spirit, to relieve the tedium of the land of counterpane; and when he was again honestly at work with *Kidnapped,* he kept putting Henley off, whereas the latter, less clearly critical of their joint endeavours, was all for pushing on to fame and fortune in the theatre. In 1884, at a time when *Deacon Brodie* was about to be performed upon the stage, Stevenson wrote to Colvin, "and anyhow the *Deacon* is damn bad;" and in 1885 he remonstrated with Henley, in the following terms, for sending copies of their plays to their literary friends:

> Do you think you are right to send *Macaire* and the *Admiral* about? Not a copy have I sent, nor (speaking for myself personally) do I want sent. The reperusal of the *Admiral,* by the way, was a sore blow; eh, God, man, it is a low, black, dirty, blackguard, ragged piece: vomitable in many parts—simply vomitable. . . . *Macaire* is a piece of jobwork, hurriedly bockled; might have been worse, might have been better; happy-go-lucky; act it or let-it-rot piece of business. Not a thing, I think, to send in presentations.

In general the new letters are no less replete than the old with what may be called, in the colloquial phrase, good things. A series of letters to a young art student named Trevor Haddon offer not only a singularly sane discussion of the personal problem of chastity, but also a great deal of very sound advice on matters of art:

> In your own art, bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purpose in the meanwhile; get to love technical processes; to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

Here, addressed to Sidney Colvin, is a very instructive paragraph for writers of narrative:

> I remember Bob once saying to me that the quadrangle of Edinburgh University was a good thing and our having a talk as to how it could be employed in different arts. I then stated that the different doors and staircases ought to be brought before a reader of a story not by mere recapitulation, but by the use of them, by the descent of different people one after another by each of them. And that grand feature of shadow and the light of one lamp in the corner should also be introduced only as they enabled people in the story to see one another or prevented them. And finally that whatever could not thus be worked into the evolution of the action had no right to be commemorated at all. After all, it is a story you are telling; not a place you are to describe; and everything that does not attach itself to the story is out of place.

From nearly every page, it seems, some phrase or sentence sallies forth to light a lamp: as, for instance, "that *belle humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant," or—"wherever we are it is but a stage on the way to somewhere else, and whatever we do, however well we do it, it is only a preparation to do something else that is different."

And here, as a taste of what is most poetic in these new letters, is a description, addressed to Mrs. Sitwell, of the great group of the three Fates in the Elgin marbles:

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I have said the Fates are only women after a fashion; and it is one of the strangest things about them. They are wonderfully womanly—they are more womanly than any woman—and those girt draperies are drawn over a wonderful greatness of body instinct with sex; I do not see a line in them that could be a line in a man. And yet, when all is said, they are not women for us; they are of another race, immortal, separate; one has no wish to look at them with love, only with a sort of lowly adoration, physical, but wanting what is the soul of all love, whether admitted to oneself or not, hope; in a word, "the desire of the moth for the star." O great white stars of eternal marble, O shapely, colossal women, and yet not women. It is not love that we seek from them, we do not desire to see their great eyes troubled with our passions, or the great impassive members contorted by any hope or pain or pleasure; only now and again, to be conscious that they exist, to have knowledge of them far off in cloudland or feel their steady eyes shining, like quiet, watchful stars, above the turmoil of the earth.

All those who share with Stevenson's friends the feeling that he himself was greater than any of his works, and that, in any final accounting of his life and labour, his personality must shine even brighter than his artistry, will find in this definitive edition of his letters the best of all his monuments. For, more than any of his stories, more even than any of his essays, these letters reveal the myriad-minded, myriad-mooded Louis, because of whom innumerable men who never saw him now go more blithely about their business, eager to labour, eager to be happy.

Clayton Hamilton.

III

J. W. Beach's "The Comic Spirit in Meredith"*

There are fragmentary references to the Comic Spirit in Meredith among the studies by Mrs. Henderson, George Trevelyan, James Moffatt and others, but it has remained for Mr. Beach to devote an entire volume to this entrancing phase of the great novelist. So much attention has been placed upon Meredith's style, his women and attitude toward nature that the *leit motif* of his work has not been sedulously studied. As Mr. Beach points out, Meredith's comedy contains the function of thought and laughter; it is an appeal to judgment rather than to conscience, and is essentially directed against the follies of human nature. George Eliot is more concerned with saints and sinners, Fielding and Thackeray with surface pretensions, and Dickens with the eccentric, but Meredith shows people to be comic by the exhibition of their inner life. The more serious the characters, consequently, the more open they are to comic treatment which detects the discrepancy between the real and supposed motives of conduct, jeering the self-deception and mock-sublimity of the actor until every false element in the composition is exposed and routed by laughter. Mr. Beach has been confronted with the same difficulties which hindered Mr. Bailey in his study, by an arbitrary division of Meredith; but, on the whole he has caught the high points of the novelist's method. The present volume shows that our half-refined civilisation had for Meredith three pronounced traits opening to comic treatment: snobbery, sentimentalism and egoism. Mr. Beach's analysis brings out quite clearly how closely these traits are interrelated and how Meredith avoided making his people mere walking propositions. Behind the pleasant, optimistic illusions of a Victor Radnor and Richmond Roy, the fatuous contentment of an egoistic Sir Willoughby, the emotional adventures of a Wilfred Pole, the romantic and mental epicureanism of an Earl of Fleetwood and a Sir Austin Feverel rests the same lack of proportions, though varying in degree and kind, contrasted with the more normal Emilia, Carinthia and Vernon Whitford. All are made ridiculous through their misreading of themselves and their own importance.

Aside from this running comment on all the conspicuous people in the novels Mr. Beach has made an interesting comparison of the different revisions Meredith undertook from time to time in his work. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*

*The Comic Spirit in Meredith. By J. W. Beach. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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was altered most materially. It is probably true that the tragic element in this masterpiece took the upper hand over the original scheme. Two distinct revisions, in '78 and '97, bear this out: in these several chapters have been omitted in full dealing mainly with Sir Austin's "system"—the "Apple-Disease" and "the Great Shaddock Dogma"—written in Meredith's most captivating manner, but hindering the real rush of the story. Yet in its original form the comic treatment, though not handled with the same firmness as in the later novels, was plainly marked. *Evan Harrington* and *Sandra Belloni* were to bring it to further experimentation until in *The Egoist* it reached its fullest expression. The liberal use of the waggish and fantastic in *The Shaving of Shagpat* became disciplined as Meredith turned more to a searching study of the motives of conduct: the evolution was slow, but it is interesting to note that the fundamental philosophy remained unchanged from the first novel, though the treatment necessarily underwent considerable variations. It is not always easy to accept Mr. Beach's valuations—especially when he says *Diana of the Crossways* is not a typical Meredith novel, and in the high place given to *The Amazing Marriage*—but, as always, these are matters of opinion: the fact remains that the author has written an exceedingly interesting essay which is a distinct contribution to the growing Meredithiana.

George Middleton.

IV

Maurice Hewlett's "The Agonists"*

Mr. Hewlett calls the three plays presented in this volume a "trilogy of God and Man," and declares that they tell the "tragic story of the failure of God to implant Himself in man, and of man to receive into his nature the divine substance." Each of them, according to Mr. Hewlett, exhibits the failure of some heroic or godlike personage, because he possesses only one and not all of the essential qualities of God. Power, love and knowledge are the three divine qualities. In the first play, *Minos, King of Crete,* Minos fails because he had knowledge without power. Dionysus, the protagonist of the second play, *Ariadne in Naxos,* fails because although he has power over men he cannot win their love, and *The Death of Hippolytus,* the last of the three tragedies, exhibits the fatal course of love without knowledge. As often happens in an author's account of his inner meanings, we are quite unable to see its application to the words he has actually written. The plays apparently have not the slightest relation to their respective formulas, which we may say incidentally, are utterly puerile and mechanical. We stoutly maintain that Minos does not fail for the reason assigned by the author. We could prove that Dionysus does not fail at all. We could assert anything in the large, loose terminology that the author has chosen to employ, and no one could get a grasp on its refutation. Minds cannot meet in this windy region, because they are not thinking. As well debate a Key of Dreams or the message of Ibsen.

This nonsense about power, love and knowledge is what Mr. Hewlett calls the "undercurrent" of his work, and he hints that it should be taken as "philosophy;" but luckily he does not trust to it to see him through—

> For I realise exactly, he says, that a play cannot succeed upon philosophical excellence. If the story is dramatic and the numbers give it due lyrical expression, the philosophy may be interesting in itself and may enhance the interest in the plot; but otherwise it can avail the poet nothing.

Of philosophy there is not a grain in Mr. Hewlett's composition and the undercurrent of these plays is as unimportant as the undercurrent of *The Queen's Quair* or *The Stooping Lady.* All that there is will be found on the surface. Five pages of the *Prometheus,* stumbled through with the aid of a lexicon, tormented even by the vile notes of the usual commentator, will bring one nearer to the Greek "conceptions of Godkind and Mankind" than he will ever get in this trilogy by Mr. Hewlett or in any multiple thereof.

If a high intent and an "elevated diction" and a use of terms rich in literary

*The Agonists. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911.

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association and a constant recourse to nymphs and fauns and ruddy gods and mænads with streaming hair, if the things that past poetry has used could, by mere repetition, make present poetry, then these metrical tragedies of Mr. Hewlett's would place him fairly on Parnassus. As matters stand, however, they place him only on those comfortable and populous foothills whereon almost any one may settle down when he has earned a competent vocabulary.

Clamour is round me of sin not to be named,
Hissed from shooting and hidden lips;
Hints, intervals of doubt,
Wailing, unrest!
But silence is worst of all—
When the dread powers of the dark
Gather, crowd and pass over
Like birds in a winter night.

It reads like a superior sort of libretto in translation.

Mr. Hewlett is ingenious in his metrical variations and he employs the chorus with some skill—

Man is a cage of pain,
His thought is a pure, thin fire
That beateth against the locks
And bonds of his grosser part,
Astrain for the sky. And behold!
The flame roareth and rendeth,
And the war nor stayeth nor endeth.

Then at last when the bars
Of the body, shattered and torn,
Rend asunder, the flame
Winneth the bitter stars,
And man lieth prone in shame:
Better not to be born.

Who moves? Who presses forward?
Watch that man.
What needest thou
In the King's Gate?
What seekest thou
With thy sunken eyes?
Hast thou a vow?
Is it love or hate
Draweth thee on,
Purposeful,
To the strong tower
Of the Sons of the Bull?

But always there is that indefinable sense of deliberate poetic effort, the straining of minor verse to become major, the appropriation of unfelt phrases. In short it is full of that dishonest literary elegance which makes "creditable poetry" so much worse than Mother Goose and which Pope must have had in mind when he cursed

The Gothic sons of frozen verse.

There are not six consecutive lines in the whole trilogy which convey the slightest emotion, and it is impossible to believe that any thought or feeling went to their making. They originated in the cold remembrance of the plumes and trimmings of poetic diction. The heart has long since gone out of the long Vergilian metaphor beginning with "Not otherwise the Nubian lion with his tawny mane." Yet poetic elegance requires it of Mr. Hewlett along with many another classic decoration now grown meaningless from repetition—

As when two lions on the waste
That sudden meet, dare not forego
The grudge they owe,
And greet not, neither eye each other,
But stand awaiting fate
That works askance in the mind—
So here of royal race the sire and whelp
Stand grimly cognizant; nor passes between
Their lockt lips one All hail! or Blest art thou!
O storm beset! O driven apart!

In his novels Mr. Hewlett is, as is well known, a worshipper of the senses, and an expert in fastidious love and in all the delicacies of the daintily nourished passions. It is hard to think of him as at all interested in anything that cannot be seen, touched, tasted or heard. His attitude seems to be that which Charles Kingsley rather absurdly attributed to Keats—"oh universe, would that thou were a sugar plum that I might suck thee." In these plays the only passages in which he seems at all at home are the sensuous and unreflective—

Let there be mystic dance and procession; unbind
My hair that it float on the wind.
Loose ye my girdle, sister, let me go free
For my lord's pleasure of me.
So—I throw my head back, so feel I the God
In my veins. The blossoming sod
Into my hands give ye!

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So, Bacchus, lover of Chorus,
Tragic, dark, inscrutable one!
Rapt lead I the dance, my blood
Leaping to thine. O master of me
Catch the sob in my throat with a kiss and seal me to thee.

C. M. Francis.

V

Hiram Bingham's "Across South America"*

In September, 1908, Dr. Bingham, professor of Latin-American History at Yale, set out as a delegate both of the government and of his university to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, held at Santiago, the Chilean capital, the following December and January. His route thither, however, was almost as indirect as possible, for from Buenos Ayres he journeyed leisurely by train and mule-back over the vast Argentine plain, threaded the Bolivian Andes as far as Potosi, then, seeking the coast, took steamer to Valparaiso. After the congress he was no less adventuresome, for his route led him by old Inca roads across Bolivia and Peru, turning aside in a thrilling journey of a week to explore an almost unknown Inca fortress, which he seems to have been the first writer to describe accurately, and not only accurately but so movingly that he surrounds us in his quiet, unerring way, with the very atmosphere and conditions of that highly wrought civilisation. He stamps himself thus as a pioneer in such a modest and engaging way that we hardly realise the service which he lends as his tribute to Inca genius. Into the matter of Inca history he does not allow himself to go very far, but inclines toward the belief that this inaccessible and impregnable fortress of Choqquequirau was the ultimate refuge of the last Inca.

Some of the most interesting chapters, indeed, deal with the investigation of the battles and leaders in the wars for independence. It is refreshing, after the hero-worship lavishly accorded Bolivar, to note here a due appreciation of the abler San Martin, whose modesty and self-sacrifice unfortunately is unequalled in Latin-American annals. The description of the liberation of Chile in particular is most adequate, and the author might have added that San Martin's feat in crossing the Andes from Argentina to Chile and then his swift descent upon the Spanish force surpassed in conception and execution Napoleon's passage of the Alps; certain it is that the mountains were higher, the obstacles greater.

The history, resources, and salient characteristics of each of the republics which he traversed are epitomised sympathetically if quite frankly. The criticism is constructive, free alike from scorn and condescension. But perhaps the most important contribution in the present volume is its help toward a better understanding. The universal opinion seems to be that the only South American contribution to history since their wars of independence, is revolutionising. If that is so, the amount of civilisation attained between fights is something remarkable! Professor Bingham duly reckons with this culture and refinement, a growing feature of which have been the various international congresses, to which, incidentally, until 1908 the United States had never been invited. The Pan-American Union, too, is another factor which might work for mutual understanding even more than it does, for as yet our southern neighbours take only an artificial interest in the conferences held under its auspices; those "on the inside" know that the Union, of which so much is made, is for us a most useful institution, but that the South Americans take part only through a desire to please the country which attempts to control their destiny. The root of the matter is, that "Pan-Americanism" is a hypocrisy, a good-natured sham which is used by us as a means of increasing commerce and by them as a means of staving off undue European influence.

Julian Parks.

*Across South America. By Hiram Bingham, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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LITTLE IRONIES OF THE STAGE

BY EMMETT C. KING

CTORS on the stage are like children in school. Incidents that would appear most commonplace anywhere else become excruciatingly funny when occurring during the progress of the play, and the temptation to laugh at such times is almost, if not quite, irresistible. Some actors have a better faculty of "holding their faces" (retaining an unperturbed expression) than others, and this special gift enables them to play pranks upon their colleagues, which they often do, unknown to the audience. Not only is guying decried by all true lovers of dramatic art; but managers issue the most formidable edicts against it, threatening and sometimes executing severe punishment on the guilty ones, but, like hazing at West Point and Annapolis, it will not down, and the mischief lovers continue to take a chance on being not discovered, and sometimes drive their managers to despair.

The manager is not the only one who suffers; the poor actor who has a keen sense of humour and no faculty of holding his face suffers tortures sometimes while playing a serious scene, and something funny is said to him by the guyer. The latter, with his back to the audience, can make faces, hum a humorous song, or do some ridiculous trick entirely unseen by the spectators.

Although Joseph Jefferson denounces guying in his memoirs, he acknowledges having practised it in his younger days. Even in his latter years he could not always resist the temptation. In the cast of *The Rivals* at one time there was a very bad actor playing Falkland. One of the characters in the play had to say at one point, "Poor Falkland!" To which Jefferson replied under his breath: "Yes; the worst I ever saw."

Despite his outward reserve and seriousness of manner, Edwin Booth possessed a keen sense of humour. The following incident, which has been credited to him, shows that the great tragedian was human, after all. The play was *Othello* and Booth was playing the Moor. In the last act, while smothering Desdemona in bed, Booth rubbed the tip of his finger over his face so that a small quantity of the brown paint with which he was made up adhered to it. Then, while delivering the lines of the scene with all his accustomed skill, and apparently smothering poor Desdemona with pillows, he painted a delicate moustache and goatee on the helpless lady's face. The ludicrous picture could not be seen by the audience; but when Gratiano, Emelia and the others came on, and one by one went to the bed to gaze on the features of the murdered bride, the sight of her whiskers almost threw them into convulsions. Each in turn approached the body with loud lamentations, and each suddenly turned their backs to the audience, while their bodies shook with convulsive laughter, which fortunately the audience mistook for manifestations of grief.

Another of Booth's tricks was to rub his face against Katherine's when he was playing Petruchio, smearing the paint from his painted moustache on the latter's face. This occurred at the end of the play as the curtain was descending, however, and not during the progress of a scene.

William Winter, in his *Shadows of the Stage,* says that some actors have felt compelled to resort to levity of this kind in order to relieve themselves from the terrific strain entailed by long playing of heavy or tragic rôles. He relates that Booth gave him an unmistakable wink as he sat near the front in the orchestra, the action taking place while Booth was playing the wooing scene in *Richard the Third.*

The late Louis James was one of the most inveterate fun makers that ever trod the stage. Life was a joy to him, and he made it so for many others. Seen on the stage in some of the heroic tragic rôles mischief was the last quality any

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spectator would have ascribed to him. Take, for instance, his Virginius. With snow-white hair, magnificent physique, and wonderful voice he would rouse an audience to enthusiasm, and then strike terror to the hearts of the timid in the mad scene of the last act. But while going through his rôle without skip or break, the chances were that poor Appius Claudius, who lay dead on the floor, was praying to the gods for the curtain to come down so that he might laugh outright instead of choking to death while trying to smother the mirth provoked by something funny James had said while kneeling over him.

James was at one time leading man in a summer stock company. The management decided to put on *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and James was told that as there was no part worthy of him in the play he might take a week's rest. To every one's surprise he refused to lay off and said that he would play Uncle Tom. Of course he played the part magnificently; but the lines he spoke that were not in the play, and the things that he did, live in history.

When Eliza ran across the ice, pursued by the bloodhounds and slave catchers, James, in the character of Uncle Tom, brought up the rear, skating across the stage ice on a pair of steel club skates. But the climax of his performance was reserved for the manager, Jacob Litt, who occupied a box on one occasion.

In the great whipping scene, where Legree gives Tom a fearful beating, the lines of the play run something like this:

LEGREE: "You black scoundrel, don't you belong to me, body and soul?"

TOM: "No, Master, my body may belong to you; but my soul belongs to the Lord."

When Legree propounded the question to Tom on the occasion mentioned, James, as Uncle Tom, replied in stentorian tones:

"No, Master; my body may belong to you—but my soul belongs to Jacob Litt!"

The actor playing Roderigo in *Othello* in one of James's companies appeared at one time in a new costume, of which he was quite proud. James expressed his admiration for the new dress before the curtain went up, and remarked upon the great number of buttons used to fasten the hauberk down the front.

As Othello was closing his address to the Senate, James made a sweeping gesture toward Roderigo, who was standing near, and deftly catching the lower edge of the new hauberk, with a quick upward jerk opened the garment from bottom to top. Roderigo hastily threw his long cloak over the gaping aperture, and Othello, without changing his expression or missing a line or intonation of his speech, continued:

> This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
> Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Lawrence Barrett was one of the most conscientious of actors as well as a most rigid disciplinarian. He was not popular with his fellow-actors, but his cold grey eyes forbade any familiarity or breach of discipline. However, the martinet was braved for once, at least. Barrett was playing a starring engagement at the old California Theatre, San Francisco. The play was *Julius Cæsar* and Barrett was acting Cassius, supported by the stock company of the theatre. There are no comedy parts in *Julius Cæsar,* and the comedians of the company were forced to go on as citizens and soldiers.

In the first act, Cæsar enters with his train, followed by Brutus, Cassius, and the mob. Cæsar calls Mark Antony to his side and says:

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

Before Cæsar could finish the speech, three fat comedians stepped from their places in the mob and walked solemnly past Barrett, and stood in front of Cæsar. The play came to a standstill, while Cæsar, completely taken aback, gazed with ill concealed mirth on the three corpulent citizens. The assembled Roman populace laughed, and the audience fairly howled. The comedians bowed low and returned to their places in the line. Barrett was furious, but could do nothing at the time but grind his teeth with rage and mutter imprecations under his breath. What he said or did to the culprits when the curtain went down is not a part of the story.

Few people dared brave the wrath of Edwin Forrest. His temper and his

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physical prowess were too well known. He was too great an artist to guy himself, and he would not tolerate anything that belittled the art that he loved. One of his company once took a chance, simply because he did not like Forrest. The play was *Virginius,* one of Forrest's favourites. After the tragic death of his daughter Virginius goes mad, and calls piteously for Virginia. Icilius, thinking to make him realise that Virginia is dead, and at the same time to restore his mental balance, brings Virginius the urn containing the ashes of his child. When the urn is proffered him, the grief-stricken father asks:

"What's this?"

To which Icilius replies:

"Virginia."

This is the curtain of the last act. On that occasion Forrest, with tear-streaming eyes, was calling for Virginia. When the urn was offered to him, he asked:

"What's this?"

"The essence of Old Virginia," replied Icilius, playing on the title of a popular song of the period.

Forrest's remarks after the curtain fell were not recorded.

Even the great Charlotte Cushman is said to have sought relaxation from the strain of Meg Merrilles and Lady Macbeth by occasionally interpolating humorous lines, instead of the serious ones of the author. In the old play of *The Stranger* Miss Cushman played Mrs. Haller. At a certain point in the play Mrs. Haller is told that a man whom she does not wish to see is coming up the stairs.

"Tell him I have gone out," Mrs. Haller should say to the servant.

Instead of which Mrs. Haller—Miss Cushman—replied at one performance:

"Tell him I have gone fishing."

Charles R. Thorne, considered one of the greatest American actors, was a great guyer. In the play of *The Geneva Cross,* one of the characters had to ask Thorne, "Who are you?" Thorne's proper answer was: "I am Riel Duborg." Once when Thorne was in a mischievous mood, the opposite character asked him:

"Who are you?"

"I am the pie-biter of Surinam," was the reply.

Edwin Thorne, brother of Charles, while not so great an actor, was, if anything, a greater guyer. Edwin's propensity in this direction was so well known that it was sometimes expressed in his contract that should he depart from the text of the play, he should forfeit a portion of his salary. Despite this precaution Thorne would occasionally break the bounds and introduce lines of his own.

Thorne was once playing the title rôle in a play called *The Spy.* The piece was not a success, although Thorne played his part with more than usual earnestness. On the last night of the engagement—the run was a short one—one of the characters came on and speaking the lines of his part, exclaimed:

"A thousand dollars for the spy!"

"It's yours," cried Thorne in a loud voice; "manuscript, props, and scenery!"

For many years there were certain set pieces of business that had been handed down for generations, in the standard plays. Among these was the business of the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet.* Before beginning to dig, the First Gravedigger always divested himself of a number of waistcoats, which he threw upon the ground one by one. This was considered quite funny in olden times, and the audience always laughed.

A company playing *Hamlet* was forced to find an actor to play the Second Gravedigger, on account of the illness of the second comedian of the company. The only actor available was a variety performer, who had no reverence for Shakespeare and no respect for the traditions of the classic drama. The Second Gravedigger was a comedy part, and he knew that he could "get away with it."

When the First Gravedigger threw off the first waistcoat, revealing another underneath, the audience tittered. The removal of the second waistcoat brought a loud laugh, and the third produced a roar. The First Gravedigger was delighted. He had never played to such an appreciative audience, and visions of good notices in the papers, and a possible increase in salary began to loom up be-

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fore his eyes. As he threw off the fourth waistcoat he turned partially around, and the cause of the unusual hit was disclosed to him.

The Second Gravedigger, being accustomed to build laughs on lines and business of other actors, saw his opportunity and seized it. As fast as the First Gravedigger would throw the waistcoats on the ground, the variety comedian would pick them up and put them on. The new business was much funnier to the audience than the old, with which it was thoroughly familiar.

Not content with having stolen the laughs from the regular comedian in this scene, the new man went further. When the First Gravedigger said to him: "Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor" (to which there is no reply in the text), the assistant sexton replied:

"Yaughan told me tell you that you couldn't have any more liquor from him, till you paid for the last you got."

One of the greatest emotional actresses this country has ever produced was a great guyer. While apparently feeling her part to the utmost, and wringing sobs and tears from her audience, she would whisper the most ludicrous things to those on the stage, sometimes ridiculing the audience for their sympathy. One of her leading men sometimes paid her off in her own coin, and one of his tricks was this.

The two had a pathetic parting scene in one act, ending with the usual kiss and long embrace. The hero took the lady's hand, pressed it to his lips, and made a quick exit. The lady felt her lover place something in her hand as he put the hand to his lips. The object was cold, hard, and heavy. With her back to the audience, she looked at the lover's parting gift. It was a steel screw-eye, such as stage carpenters use in fastening braces to the floor. She was compelled to play a long emotional scene with the screw-eye in her hand, for she had no opportunity to get rid of it until the curtain fell.

"What on earth did you mean by putting that screw-eye in my hand?" she indignantly asked the leading man.

"I thought you might screw up a few tears with it," was the reply.

A grewsome melodrama of several seasons ago contained a scene where the hero, after having been buried alive, is dug up by grave robbers.

"Doesn't he look natural?" whispered the villain, as the coffin lid was removed.

"I am a natural actor," replied the supposed corpse, as they dumped him out on the ground.

Although very few actors ever improve their parts by adding to the text, there are instances where it has been done with great success. E. A. Sothern made the part of Lord Dundreary by guying. As conceived by the author, the part of Dundreary was very short and insignificant. Sothern was so disgusted at having to play it that he guyed through it at rehearsals, to the intense amusement of the other members of the company. Finding that the company thought his foolishness funny, he concluded to try it on the audience. It went with screams. He interpolated new lines and business at nearly every performance, until, from a short part, Dundreary became the longest and most important character in the play, and finally became a "star part."

One of the most popular American comedians of to-day has made a success of several plays that would have been absolutely worthless without the actor's guying. New lines and business are introduced by this actor at rehearsals, and for a long time after the play has been produced—nearly always on the spur of the moment. Often he does not remember what he has said, and the stage manager will have to remind him, and it is then generally incorporated in the manuscript. This faculty is extremely rare, however, and the majority of actors who try to improve their parts by interpolations generally end by weakening them.

Perhaps the most notorious guyer that ever lived was an actor named Salisbury, who flourished in "the palmy days." Salisbury once wired a manager, asking for an engagement; the manager wired back: "Wouldn't have you at any price." Salisbury promptly replied: "Terms accepted. Be there on next train."

Salisbury's memory was remarkable, and conscious of this, he often neglected studying new parts. When he failed to

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remember the lines of the play at hand, however, he was never disconcerted: he simply spoke the lines of some other play. He would speak *Macbeth* in *Hamlet,* and *Othello* in *King Lear;* but he never "dried up." Off the stage he conversed principally in quotations from Shakespeare. On being dunned for a bill by his washerwoman, he replied in the following paraphrase from Macbeth's speech to the Ghost of Banquo:

"Avaunt and quit my sight! Thy tubs are marrowless; there is no starch in my fine shoirts that thou did'st glaze withal. Approach thou like the Russian manager, Hyrcantical, or the 'Old Rye Whiskey-us'; or be alive and make it salary day. If trembling then I do inhibit thee, confess me but a babe of Salisbury."

The poor washerwoman, thinking that she had a lunatic to deal with, fled in terror.

A PRAYER

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

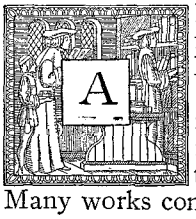
I pray Thee, give me some fairy glue,
Such as the roses' artisans use,
To mend this petal my careless touch,
From the fragrant centre has broken loose;
A rose is too perfect a thing to mar—
I would make it well of the hurt and bruise.

Restore me the city of Nineveh,
With its people—dust of the desert sand;
Send blood to the cheek of the mummied Thais,
The quiver of life to her shrivelled hand.
Put the old gods back in their shrines again,
Lay the ancient sweetness upon the land.

These, my yesterdays, make them fair;
Take all the wretchedness out of them.
Of those most lovely I'd bind me a sheaf,
Like a rose's petals about the stem.
So give back all of the spoils of death—
Behold! I clutch at Thy garment's hem!

DENMARK AND THE AMERICAN IDEA

BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH



MERICAN books are first introduced to the Danish public through the recommendations of native authors and professors who have read them in the originals. Many works come in this way to be read as foreign books, with the aid of a dictionary, in schools, clubs, and homes, without ever being translated into Danish for popular reading. Before a book can be translated, the Danish publishers must be assured of a good sale. Many books which are exceedingly popular in America are rejected for translation on

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the ground that they are not adapted to the taste of the Danish reading public. To illustrate: The Danish author, Miss Aslaug Mikkelsen, has recently assumed direction of a syndicate for translations in Copenhagen, called the "Bureau Hamlet." She herself renders many English books into Danish, translating Hall Caine's new novels from his manuscript so that they are published in Copenhagen simultaneously with their appearance in London, and she watches all the foreign markets for books of the hour—Russian, German, French, Italian. Aided by friends on both sides of the Atlantic, Miss Mikkelsen keeps in touch with the American book world, reading many works, but selecting few for translation. *The Virginian* and one of Winston Churchill's most popular books were among the big American sellers which she recently read, enjoyed, and reluctantly rejected.

To understand the Danish taste for foreign letters, one must know something of the influence of the native literature. For Denmark has had a national school of no mean merit, including the dramatist Holberg in the eighteenth century, and, in the early nineteenth, Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales are read by children the world over. The poet Drachman, who possessed something of Walt Whitman's fearlessness behind the shelter of his own lyrical grace, died in 1908; but Georg Brandes, the critic, is still alive, while promising young writers are rising, like Johannes V. Jensen, the novelist, and Sophus Michaelis, the dramatist, whose recent play, *A Revolution Wedding,* is said to be in the repetoire of two hundred German theatres and has been staged in New York under the title *A Son of the People.*

Although the Danes have achieved real distinction in other literary modes—the essay, the drama, the lyric—in the novel they have hardly developed beyond the point reached by English writers of the eighteenth century. Danish romances are characteristically quiet, gentle, and subdued, like the Danish landscape, the language, and the temperament of the people; their novels are more often collections of delicately pencilled sketches and essays of impression held together by a slender thread of story, lacking the tightly drawn plots and tense climaxes of American fiction. For this reason, the American novel supplies a greater want in Denmark than our verse, our histories, or our essays. In fact, a highly seasoned American romance stimulates the Danish imagination more than strong drink. The writer remembers, in Denmark, some years ago, seeing a mother of three children, after the little ones were tucked into bed, pick up a translation of Jack London's *Call of the Wild,* and begin to read casually in the middle. For hours her eyes did not leave the book; she answered her husband's questions absent-mindedly. Her mind, fed on Virgil and Molière and the gentle Danish school, was fascinated and bewildered by this tale from a new world.

To appreciate the Danish attitude toward American letters one must acknowledge the influence, for better and for worse, of American journalism. Some thirty years ago, Danish newspapers were provincial and conservative. Then a group of brilliant writers in Copenhagen, the critic Georg Brandes among them, founded, on "up-to-date" principles, that great organ of radical thought, the newspaper *Politiken.* This journal consciously imitates American methods, and its editors frequently visit New York. Like many of the large American dailies, *Politiken* has subserviated court chronicles, wars and treaties, and affairs of state, to the interest in personalities—the humorous speech, the lost child, the drowning accident, the suicide of the rejected lover, or the golden wedding of an aged couple in the suburbs. This paper has introduced the American "feature story" and the "interview" into Danish journalism. A certain popular illustrated weekly, for example, begins each issue by an "interview" with some distinguished citizen of Denmark. Indeed, the verb "to interview" in modern newspaper usage has been adopted bodily into the language. Not without protest, however; both the feature story and the interview meet their rebuke from Danish conservatives. A Copenhagen comic paper, after the "Cook exposure," parodied *Politiken* and

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its "democratic" American methods somewhat as follows: "Did we see Doctor Cook, when he landed? No indeed! Our correspondent *interviewed* Anna Jensen, who made the first cup of coffee the great American tasted after his feet touched Danish soil." In the same vein of satire, a recent Danish romance called *The Day of Doom,* forecasting a coming war between England and Germany, relates how, on the evening after war was declared, an enterprising Copenhagen daily placed the announcement of hostilities, with other international news, in the corner of a remote page, and devoted the entire first page of the issue to a "feature story" on the sudden death of a rural Danish rhymster, followed by column after column of interviews with the poet's servants and drinking companions, and farmers who had seen him during his last hours. That night, according to the novel, the Germans landed and annexed Copenhagen—and incidentally the newspaper.

While *Politiken* is not itself sensational, it has been followed by a mushroom growth of newspapers which often put our own "yellow press" to shame. *Politiken* has, however, this great merit over its American contemporaries, that it gives to art and literature a place on the first page as prominent as that occupied by the "stories" of caprice and crime. Its reporters and editors are no mere hack writers, but often creators of belles-lettres—dramatists and novelists—who impart style and cleverness to their narratives. The news columns of *Politiken* are actual contributions to literature.

From journalism it is an easy transition to that form of American fiction most widely circulated in Denmark. For example "Nick Carter" and his translators. On the streets of Copenhagen, recently, there was a scramble resembling a foot-ball scrimmage. A hundred people had formed a circle, struggling to get at some object hidden in the centre; and from the crowd rose a forest of hands, in each hand a huge copper penny. Now and then a man with a crumpled collar emerged from the scrimmage, flourishing a newspaper with a coloured supplement. The newspaper he thrust into his pocket, and went away with his eyes in the supplement. The prize was an illustration of what appeared to be a murder in the Grand Canyon, and above, in huge black type, *"Nick Carter, Number, —, America's Greatest Detective,"* and in red lettering, "Sample copy, compliments of the *Evening Post.*"

"Everything American goes in Denmark," a bystander remarked.

Later in the day the writer purchased a rival newspaper and received gratis the latest number of *Buffalo Bill! America's National Hero.* There was no crowd awaiting about "Buffalo Bill," but the sheet seemed to be having a brisk sale. On the Copenhagen news-stands and in the street cars one also sees highly illuminated copies of *Nat Pinkerton, Pat Connor, Texas Jack,* and *Pirate Morgan's Adventures,* and a number of local Danish imitations which appear weekly or monthly in lurid serial form.

Nick Carter has actually been dramatised in Denmark, and the play enjoyed a long run. But despite the fact that the "Nick Carter" literature is "American," it is now generally condemned by the Danish pulpit and schools, and a society has been formed for its suppression, on the ground that too many Danish youths are emulating Nick in private life.

It is not true, however, that Nick Carter represents the entire American horizon of a Danish boy. A country lad of fourteen was asked if he had ever read any American books.

"Yes," he replied quickly, "I read Nick Carter every week."

"Anything else?"

He thought a moment. "Oh yes," he recalled, "I have read *The Last of the Mohicans.*"

Of the older American school James Fenimore Cooper is best known in Denmark. All of the "Leather Stocking" tales have been translated, *The Last of the Mohicans* appearing as *The Last American.* Indeed it is not unlikely that Danish boys of the present generation know Fenimore Cooper's Indians better than do their cousins in America.

Among other standard American prose works which has long been translated are Irving's *Sketch Book,* Poe's *Gold Bug,* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *House of Seven Gables,* Emerson's *Representa-*

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tive Men, Longfellow's prose, and Holmes's *Elsie Venner. The Story of a Bad Boy,* by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a good seller; and Harriet Beecher Stowe is so popular that seven of her works have been translated, and a new edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is being displayed in Copenhagen book-store windows to-day.

In recent years there have appeared Danish editions of Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* at least seven of Gunter's works, and half a dozen novels of Marion Crawford, while *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is in its third Danish edition. *The Fair God,* by Lew Wallace, has been translated once and *Ben Hur* twice; one translation has reached its third, the other its seventh edition.

Although the Danes are facile poets and ardent lovers of verse, they are not as familiar with our poetry as with our prose. Few of them have even heard of Bryant, Whittier, or Lowell. The names of only two American poets are well known, and one single poem by another poet. The poets are Longfellow and Walt Whitman; the poem is Poe's *Raven.* Longfellow is represented in their translations by *Evangeline, Hiawatha,* and *The Golden Legend.* Longfellow was much interested in Scandinavian literature. The unusual metre of *Hiawatha* he took from the Finnish epic *Kalevala,* which he read in the Swedish translation. Danish also he translated; and in Denmark the school children to-day are told about Longfellow's "Olaf's Saga" and his excellent rendering of their national song, "King Christian." But probably two out of every three Danes think that Longfellow was an Englishman. The great American poet, in the estimation of the Danes, is Walt Whitman. During the writer's first week in Copenhagen, he was invited to lecture before an "English Club" about "American Literature."

"What feature of our literature do you prefer to hear discussed?" the representative of the club was asked.

"We leave that to you," was the reply, "but I think that our members would like to hear about Walt Whitman."

Quite naturally this people believe that Walt Whitman's appeal to freedom is the supreme poetic expression of that American Democracy about which Europeans are so eager to learn. As early as 1874 Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* were put upon the list of books recommended by the Danish Government for school libraries. More recently Denmark has witnessed a Walt Whitman revival under the influence of the young Danish author, Johannes V. Jensen, who has himself translated some of Whitman's verse. Students at the University of Copenhagen are now reading *Leaves of Grass* in the original, and several young poets are imitating its free rhythms in their own language. The importance of this poet in the Danish eye is attested by a high school English reader edited by Professor Otto Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen, who recently lectured on the history of the English language at Columbia University. The book is called *The England and America Reader;* the English section opened with a quotation from Shakespeare; the American selections are prefaced by a passage from Walt Whitman.

To return again to prose, to the work of yesterday and to-day, there is no doubt that of all American writers of the last generation Mark Twain is the most popular. Practically every line he has written has been done into Danish—in paraphrase rather than literal translation. It is commonly said that Mark Twain's humour is better understood by the Copenhagener than by our English cousin, who has received his humorous training in the columns of *Punch.* It is even asserted that Mark Twain is responsible for the new school of wit in Copenhagen.

Lovers of Mark Twain were surprised in 1908 when a canny Danish schoolmaster discovered that Mr. Clemens had "borrowed" from a well-known Danish classic for the plot of *Tom Sawyer, Detective.* Thus the Danes have their own originally tragic story translated back again from Mark Twain's humorous American version.

Mr. Clemens is, however, by no means alone among modern American writers in Denmark. During the past five years the Danes have become profoundly in-

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terested in the types of fiction which deal with our social and economic problems. The leader of this movement, Johannes V. Jensen, has visited America several times, returning home enthusiastic over our life and literature, and has followed his voyages by publishing several novels and short stories dealing with life in New York City and on the plains. In 1907 he introduced the younger school of American writers to Denmark by translating *The Octopus,* by Frank Norris. When a friend asked him why he spent valuable time translating the work of another, instead of writing creative fiction, Jensen is said to have replied that to him *The Octopus* seemed "inevitable," and added, "If Norris had not written *The Octopus* I should have written it myself."

The Octopus has sold better in Denmark than Jensen's own books. It must be remembered that Denmark is a diminutive land and a frugal, where books pass from home to home; usually only twelve hundred and fifty copies of a Danish novel are published; of *The Octopus* more than three thousand have been sold. Another young novelist, Sten Drewsen, has recently translated *The Pit,* which, from last accounts, is selling as well as *The Octopus.* Many Danes, too, read this book in the original. In fact, one "English Reading Circle" in Copenhagen is at present alternating Bernard Shaw nights with readings from Frank Norris.

The year in which *The Octopus* appeared in Danish covers, Jack London's *Call of the Wild* came out in a translation by Miss Mikkelsen, with an introduction by Mr. Jensen, commending London to his new public. His preface closes with the significant words, "He (London) writes for one reason. He has teeth and he wishes to use them, like the undaunted dogs and wolves he depicts."

Miss Aslaug Mikkelsen, in addition to her duties as director of the translating bureau mentioned at the beginning of this paper, has also translated, in rapid succession, within two or three years, Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty; John Longworthy's Disappearance,* by Maurice Francis Egan; *The Industrial Republic* and *Captains of Industry,* by Upton Sinclair; and Thomas W. Lawson's *Friday the Thirteenth.*

The Jungle has also been translated, a volume of Jack London's Klondike stories, and one or two of Robert Herrick's books, including *The Common Lot.* Herrick is now attracting almost as much attention in Denmark as Frank Norris.

One of our writers enjoys a somewhat unfair advantage in Denmark over his contemporaries. He is Maurice Francis Egan, our present American Minister to the little kingdom. His novels, poems and essays are to be found in their American covers in the Copenhagen bookshops, while the local magazines contain contributions from Mr. Egan in Danish. In 1909 *John Longworthy's Disappearance* appeared in serial form in *The Illustrated Times,* and Mr. Egan's recent collection of short stories, *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis,* is promised for publication. The Copenhagen newspaper, *Politiken,* offers prizes to its readers for translations of sonnets by Mr. Egan which appear in American magazines. After his sonnet "A Castle in Denmark" was published in the *Century, Politiken* offered a volume of Longfellow's poems and a copy of *Maginnis* for the best translation into Danish. The Danes write verse with a facility rivalling the gracefulness of the Japanese; although the contest was limited to amateurs, more than three hundred metrically perfect translations were submitted. It is said that among the competitors was the American Minister's own Copenhagen barber, who one morning after his operations addressed his patron differentially with the words, "Your Excellency, would you condescend to do me the great kindness to read my modest translation of your Excellency's beautiful sonnet?"

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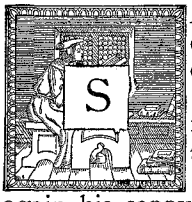
MINOR MASTERSTROKES

BY EDNA KENTON



AID one of a little group of bookish people the other day:

"Some time I am going to reread *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* not to travel with him again his sappy road to his damnation, but for the joy of renewing a valuable acquaintance with those good, genuine, religious adventurers, the Soulsbys."

"That reminds me," said another, "speaking of religion, that I read Phillpotts's *Mother of Men* years ago, and have forgotten the book except for that one most remarkable chapter where the mother writes out in Bible extracts her life story. Sometime I am going to pick up the book again for that."

Then another: *"The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* was a most unpleasantly neurotic tale, and I admit I've not forgotten it. But the character that I really remember the book by is Harriott's aunt, that vulgar, self-assertive, snobbish, ill-bred suburbanite. Perhaps because I know a woman just like her."

"Is old Sylvanus Stone a minor character in *Fraternity?"* queried another. "Because when Hillary and Bianca and even the Little Model have faded into dimness along with any plot there is, I shall still remember that old reincarnation of a Greek chorus, done to the seventh heaven of chiaroscuro, feeding birds from a paper bag, writing, rewriting and reciting his "Book of Universal Brotherhood," cooking and eating his slender meals, struggling to express himself to his children, and a stranger before their hearts, rising and falling on his toes to the count of his strengthening exercises—every touch means something. Perhaps that's why I remember it."

Perhaps! For it is not the printed mass of detail—which almost no one of us ever collects about people and things—that we remember, but the flashing bit that we have seen and perhaps have been too indolent to phrase, lying, phrased, on the page before us.

A finely wrought characterisation for his principal protagonist is the novelist's pride. But a minor character as finely modelled, yet held firmly to the length of its tent cords, and this in spite of its possibilities, is generosity as well as pride. For in such a character there is often another book, and, left subordinate, this spells renunciation. For it demands surrender, from the great novelist no less than from the great player, to surround the principal actor in the book or on the stage with subsidiary characters worthy of it. Of course it is true that many times the minor character develops itself, by a process more or less akin to so-called spontaneous creation, and is left, perforce, the bit of turquoise in the matrix, inextricably a part of the mother stone.

Naturally the surplus of these minor masterstrokes in portraiture fall to those writers, like Maupassant, Balzac, the De Goncourts or Meredith, who are born to the art of visualisation, who seek always the outline, who possess the facile art of "pointing up," and who have the subtle trick of the small, familiar touch. Others generalise. Pages of painstaking description will not achieve their purposed goal, and realism, idealism, and psychology alike suffer at the hand of such pseudo-artistry. It is the illuminating detail, not the tiresome series of them, that counts, and that makes us not only see, but remember.

This triumph of minor portraiture Harold Frederic did achieve in *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* whose best-remembered people are not Theron nor Celia nor even Father Forbes, amazing and interesting gentleman that he is, but the Soulsbys, professional revivalists and debt raisers, both of them with hearts and pasts. Beside their highly interesting attitude toward life and their profession, Theron's "sappy progress toward his damnation" becomes almost insignificant. Take this for illuminating detail from Sister Soulsby's own firm lips:

I began life as a girl by running away from

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a *stupid* home with a man that I knew was married already. After that I supported myself for a good many years—generally, at first on the stage. I've been a front ranker in Amazon ballets and I've been leading lady in comic opera companies out West. I've been a professional clairvoyant, and I've been a professional medium, and I've been within one vote of being indicted by a grand jury, and the money that bought that vote was put up by the smartest and most famous train gambler between Omaha and Frisco—a gentleman who died in his boots and took three sheriff's deputies along with him to Kingdom Come. Now that's *my* record.

Concerning Soulsby we have his record, too, from his lady—Theron asked questions about Celia and Father Forbes, but he never put into words his curiosity about the legal relationship of the Soulsbys.

And now, take Soulsby. Of course, I take it for granted that there's a good deal he's never felt called on to mention. He hasn't what you may call a talkative temperament. But he's been a medium, and then he was a travelling phrenologist, and for a long time he was advance agent for a British Blondes show, and when I first saw him he was lecturing on female diseases—and he had his little turn with a grand jury, too. In fact, he was what you may call a regular bad old rooster.

And that never-to-be-forgotten stroke of Candace Soulsby's invention of revival times that the excited mass could not break in upon:

I simply took Chopin—he's full of sixths, you know, and I got all sorts of melodies out of his waltzes and mazurkas and nocturnes and so on, and I trained Soulsby just to sing those sixths so as to make the harmony, and there you are! He couldn't sing by himself any more than a crow, but he's got those sixths of his down to a hair.

What background! What—one might picket a page with laudatory exclamations!

Some years ago Lucas Malet published a book, *Colonel Enderby's Wife,* whose plot, after a lapse of years, the present writer has forgotten, and of whose characters but one stands out distinctly. Not Colonel Enderby's wife, nor yet the Colonel, but Cecilia Farrell, engaged in her youth to the impecunious but faithful Enderby; later, being an under-vitalised blonde who did not wear very well, manœvered by her mother into an unhappy marriage. Years later, widowed, thin, faded, badgered by a veritable tyrant of a mother, and the victim of malicious circumstance, she meets Colonel Enderby on that, for her, tragic day when he has admitted to himself that the old love is dead and a new one has come to him. She is "poor Cecilia" to every one, colourless, externally, but with colourful yearnings, one of the sort of women that make all the sacrifices for the rest of the world. Such a woman is neither dynamic nor charming, and is seldom treated respectfully even in fiction. But more than one who has read this all but forgotten book will recall the vivid picture of this woman walking in the rain toward the Enderby home, gaunt and lean, in her rain-coated ugliness, bound on a fruitless mission of enlightenment to Enderby's wife, a mission that others shrank from and put upon her. It is all here in this picture, the pathos of her limitations and the strength of her real goodness.

In the Dickens gallery of caricatured foibles and exaggerated vice and virtue there is one bit of minor character drawing, hidden in *Little Dorret,* that in its psychology is worthy of a greater psychologist than Dickens. Perhaps it is because the jealous temperament and its moods cannot be exaggerated that Dickens, the arch-exaggerator, has succeeded so accurately in his portrayal of this mind and temperament in Miss Wade, a travelling companion of the Meagles, and the discarded mistress of Gowan. The significant and remarkable interpretation of her is given in his own words, and its revelations of the workings of a jealous mind go deep.

From the moment she is introduced, cold, proud, and solitary, sullen and passionate, she moves through the pages like an unspent thunder cloud. She gazes at Harriet, the sullen maid of the Meagles, "as one afflicted with a diseased past might curiously watch the dissection and disposition of an analogous case."

The chapter in *Little Dorrit* called "The History of a Self-Tormentor" be-

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gins thus, an epitome of the self-nursed anguish of the jealous ones:

I have the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do.

She was but twelve years old and at school when she realised how she was patronised:

I was told I was an orphan, and I perceived that they conciliated me in an insolent pity and in a sense of superiority. I could hardly make them quarrel with me. When I succeeded with any of them, they were sure to come after an hour or two and begin a reconciliation. I tried them over and over, and I never knew them to wait for me to begin. They were always forgiving me in their vanity and condescension.

While at school she was in love with a girl who had what they called an amiable temper. She distributed pretty looks and smiles to every one.

I believe there was not a soul in the place, except myself, who knew she did it purposely to wound and gall me. Her plan was to make them all fond of her and so drive me wild with jealousy.

After leaving school she became governess to two children.

The mother was young and pretty. From the first she made a pretence of behaving to me with great delicacy. I kept my resentment to myself, but I knew very well that it was her way of petting the knowledge that she was my mistress, and might have behaved differently to her servant if it had been her fancy.

I say I did not resent it, but I showed her, by not gratifying her, that I understood her. When she pressed me to take wine I took water. If there happened to be anything choice at the table, she always sent it to me, but I always declined it, and ate of the rejected dishes. These disappointments of her patronage were a sharp retort, and made me feel independent.

And so, on and on, through all the morbidities of a distorted mind. As a bit of psychological portraiture it is quite flawless and there should be enlightenment in its perusal as a human document for many face to face with such a temperament and completely helpless before it.

On the whole, it pays the novelist to be prodigal with his material. The major characters are not always the ones by which books are remembered, and the art of sketching broadly and etching deeply is as interesting as it is elusive.

SOMETHING TO SAY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IT seems at first sight almost foolish to suggest that one of the elemental needs of a good novel is that it shall have something to say. There is a general tendency to take it for granted that a novelist would not write at all unless he were pretty sure not only that he had something to say, but that it was well worth the trouble of saying it. The easiest way to disillusionise ourselves is to recall the various novels that we have happened to read within the last few months and ask in each case: As a matter of fact, what was it trying to say, and what, if anything, did it succeed in saying? And the answer, in a substantial percentage of cases, is nothing more nor less than a neat, round zero.

At this point, some reader will probably find himself asking in a spirit of protest just what is meant here by this phrase "something to say," and whether

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it does not amount to an unexpected championship of the novel-with-a-purpose. And in this case the answer is quite emphatically No. To be sure the author of a purpose novel, however poor it may be as a work of art, and however offensively blatant its purpose, does have at least one thing to his credit: he has something to say and he succeeds in saying it with unmistakable insistence. But just here lies the error over which so many hundreds of novelists stumble; the mistaken idea that the only sort of thing that a writer can be expected to say at all seriously through the medium of fiction must be in the nature of a sermon, a moral lesson handled in a spirit of almost aggressive revivalism. As a matter of fact, it is only by a violent distortion of their meaning that any such definition can be read into those three simple words, Something to Say. Let us apply them for the moment not to the writers of fiction, but to conversationalists, to the people whom the amenities of social life have thrown in our path for a chance hour or so and who have entertained or bored us as the case may be. Now in thinking the matter over afterward and deciding whether such-and-such a person was or was not worth while, the question is not, Did he teach us anything, have we some small store of wisdom which we lacked before we met him?—but rather, Did he have anything to say, anything that would suggest that he himself had taken the trouble to give a little serious thought to what he was saying? If he told an after-dinner story, was there a ring of freshness in it, or was it at least an old story with a new twist to it? Some people have the trick of talking and of writing in a series of amiable platitudes that pass the time not unagreeably, but when analysed resolve themselves into words, words, words. These are the writers who unfortunately for themselves and their audience do not have something to say.

Now the novels which avowedly handle serious problems need no special discussion. In *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* in *Robert Elsmere,* in *The Kreutzer Sonata,* in *Fécondité,* their authors had such a vast amount to say respectively of emancipation, of agnosticism, of the ethics of marriage, of race suicide, that their pages fairly bristle with the thoughts that are clamouring for utterance. Indeed, the great fault of novels written by authors under the influence of some compelling conviction is not that they have too little but rather too much to say—they suffer mainly from not understanding the value of a wise reticence. The difficulty of making people see the importance of possessing ideas arises in the common average case of the writer who has no special thesis to develop, no deep-rooted convictions in ethics or sociology or religion that are itching to find expression—the average case of the man who will tell you quite sincerely that all he is trying to do is to write a plain, unvarnished tale about real people in the real world, sufficiently alive and interesting to hold the reader for an idle hour or so. It is precisely in this class of cases that the difference between the writer who has something to say and the writer who has not makes all the difference between success and failure. It would be difficult to keep track of the number of apparently well-written volumes that one flings aside at the end or sometimes at the midway point with the impatient ejaculation, "Oh pshaw! there isn't anything in it!" Just wherein the emptiness, the lack of substance in each particular case may lie is usually not quite so easy to track down. One author may have a rather entertaining group of incidents put together with a fair average cleverness of construction, but the people whom these incidents concern may be of no importance whatever. Or again, his men and his women may all be distinctly worth while; we may at the start take a rather keen interest in them—only to find that we are asked to follow them through a series of adventures that lead nowhere and count for nothing. Or again, an author may blunder pretty badly about his environment, simply through failure to recognise the underlying motive of better craftsmen than himself, who apparently to his myopic eyes have done precisely the same thing that he is trying to do. It is quite true that monotony, grey uniform dulness is counted as one

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of the cardinal sins in the making of fiction. Yet not long ago, when the present writer wrote somewhat enthusiastically about the wonderful and sustained note of hopeless greyness in Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* he was not a little surprised to learn afterward that certain readers misinterpreted this intended praise as a reproach. Arnold Bennett, with a fine and rare art, made use of the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere, hanging like a pall of gloom over his Five Towns to show as he could not possibly have shown in any other way certain exceptional effects of environment upon character. It was permissible for him to make us feel the weight of that same gloom and monotony for the very sufficient reason that he really had something to say about it. A golden rule in writing dialogue is that it shall be clear and to the point, not verbose nor tedious. But the garrulity and confusion of everything that Miss Bates has to say, in Jane Austen's *Emma,* is in its way the finest of fine art, because Miss Austen really had something to say regarding the garrulity of indigent spinsters with limited understanding.

Unfortunately, the lack of something to say is not one of the faults to be easily remedied. The writer with a shallow mind cannot take a really wise and valuable view of any human problem, just because some critic bids him to do so. Stevenson began the writing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* merely because he had dreamed "a fine bogey story;" but his mind was not of the class that could see in his material merely a good horror tale and nothing more. The underlying principle of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is as old as humanity; it has cropped out again and again in tragedy and comedy, in Æsop's Fables and even in such hackneyed anecdotes as that of the pious and the profane parrot who were brought together in order that the latter might learn to pray, and after the lapse of a few days proved by their equal fluency in profanity what a big advantage evil has over goodness when they start on equal terms. But many a modern dabbler in occultism has used similar themes both in short stories and in long—and used them well, except for the rather important fact that they have failed to express any important truth; they have simply not had anything to say—and what frequently has made it all the worse, they have been blandly unaware of any deficiency.

"Which Is My Husband?"

A convenient case in point is afforded by a recent novel based upon a dual personality and written by no less a personage than the veteran French novelist and playwright, Jules Claretie. The title of the story is *Which Is My Husband?* and the English version, by Mary J. Safford, is conscientious and adequate, and yet the story leaves the impression of being not only unreal but futile. A young man on the eve of marriage consults an eminent brain specialist, to whom he confides his strange and alarming affliction; at irregular intervals, and almost without warning, he passes from his normal state of consciousness into what is to all intents and purposes a separate existence; he ceases to be himself and becomes somebody not merely different but in many respects diametrically opposed to his normal self. And in this second state he has no memory of his natural and usual existence, of the things that he has been doing, or the people who are his closest friends. He has no way of foretelling these attacks, and nothing that he does seems to have any influence on their frequency or their duration. All of these facts lead up to the anxious question whether or not he is insane and whether in any case he has the right to marry. The doctor reassures him, tries to impress upon him a conviction that his trouble is purely a matter of imagination, that all he needs to effect a complete cure is simply to be sure in his own mind that the trouble will not come back again. The young man marries, but on the very night when he takes the bride to her new home one of his usual attacks comes on; and the poor woman, knowing nothing of her husband's malady, has the alarming experience of finding him gazing at her with the eyes of an utter stranger and asking her with scant courtesy who she is and what business she has in his house. Now, of course, conditions such as these

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can easily be made to lead up to all sorts of fantastic and novel situations. A man who through one-half of his waking hours is not himself but some one else, performing all sorts of acts, of which in his lucid intervals he has no memory, but for which the world holds him accountable, may be of keen interest to a brain specialist, but does not in himself constitute a theme for serious fiction. If his abnormal state were the direct consequence of some specific action upon his part, something within his own control—as would be the case if his attacks were brought on by intemperance or the use of drugs—then there might be abundant room for psychological studies of some real interest and weight. But conditions which are beyond human control, and which recur irregularly and in sheer freakishness, leading an otherwise respectable and conventional sort of person into committing breaches of the peace, quarrelling with strangers and challenging them to duels, and damaging his own reputation as an artist of wide recognition by sending to the Salon a grotesque monstrosity, flamboyant in colour and lurid in symbolism, wantonly insulting the spirit of the age he lives in—all this is really material for farce comedy rather than dignified and serious fiction. *Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist* is a good old-fashioned example of the legitimate use to which this class of situations may be put; yet even there the case was not quite so extreme. As Sylvester at last discovered, the remedy was really all the time within his own control; he had merely to master his appetite, to eat abstemiously and at rational hours in order to cease while sleeping to be a nuisance to his friends and a menace to himself. The hero of M. Claretie's book is simply a plaything in the hands of fate. At first it looks as though the author were trying to say that what a man is depends on what he thinks and that the specialist's advice in the opening chapter contains the clue to the hero's cure. But on the contrary, M. Claretie takes pains to prove that the specialist is wrong, and that when the hero is most surely convinced that he is cured is the very time that fate chooses for a renewed attack. And finally, when he really is permanently cured, it is through the aid of a charlatan, a half-crazed scientist, who resorts to a trick that would scarcely deceive a child of average intelligence. The trick in question, helped out with a little hypnotism and some chloroform, consisted in assuring the patient that his second personality really had a separate existence; that in that second existence he was known as So-and-So residing in such-and-such a town, that he had just died and that the patient could convince himself of the truth of all this by visiting the grave and reading the inscription on the tombstone. Of course, if his other personality was dead it could not return to trouble him; consequently he could never again have a relapse. All of which, as already suggested, is good farce comedy. But if we are to take it seriously, is not the mental state of a man who could believe such arrant nonsense more alarming than even his previous condition? And of course it all comes down to this: that M. Claretie had nothing of real importance to say.

"Shadow Shapes"

Shadow Shapes, by Maude Annesley, although not half so well written, is a much better book, because it really embodies one or two ideas. It is based upon hypnotism, with the recognised possibilities of which it takes obvious liberties—but that does not seriously matter, because what interests the reader is not merely what hypnotism can or cannot accomplish, but what effect the persistent and exhausting effort to perpetrate a crime will have upon a certain group of characters most immediately concerned. The situation briefly is this: a certain man still in the prime of life and married to a woman who he knows has not only outgrown her love for him, but has learned to love another, falls seriously ill and is gently told after a consultation of specialists, that there is dangerous organic affection of the heart, that death is probably very near and that it is imperative to avoid all effort or fatigue, either physical or mental. The one chance in a hundred is that by the most rigid self-denial and inaction he may give nature time to repair damages. Now the man who has won his wife's love from him happens to be not only his oldest friend, but a leading

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specialist on heart disease. Accordingly, he makes to this friend the somewhat astounding proposition that he shall give up his London practice, make his home with the invalid and receive in compensation a steadily increasing annual salary far in excess of his present income. The doctor starts to refuse emphatically, absolutely. It is not merely the sacrifice of his career that seems impossible, but he cannot bear the thought of living day by day, hour by hour, under the same roof with the woman who means so much to him and is so hopelessly beyond reach. But when the husband proceeds to reveal with cynical frankness his knowledge of the doctor's love for his wife and to suggest somewhat cryptically that it is this very love on which he relies to prolong his own life, because when he dies his wife will die within the same hour, the doctor's alarm is aroused, and in order to be where he can protect her, he accepts the offer. The sick man's plan, as is very soon revealed to the reader, is nothing more nor less than to hypnotise his wife day after day and to suggest to her with all the mental power he possesses that when the hour of death comes to him, she shall die too. This mental influence is the great danger against which the doctor finds himself impotently fighting. He dares not reveal his discovery of it to his patient for fear he will be at once banished from the house; he dares not warn the wife, because the husband will inevitably force the knowledge from her under hypnosis; he can do nothing excepting, on the one hand, frighten the husband as to the risk he runs by any sort of mental strain and thus decrease the frequency of his hypnotic experiments upon his wife; and on the other hand, give her a counter treatment and day by day instil into her subconscious mind that she is not to die, but to live. This prolonged hypnotic duel, fought out, as it were, in the dark, and stretching on month after month, with the advantage now leaning to one side and now to the other, is narrated with a certain degree of grim actuality that results in a sustained tensity of interest. But the author had something more to say than merely to develop the dramatic possibilities of an unusual situation. She wanted to say that a man cannot through long months nurse in his heart a criminally selfish design against a human life, plan for it, strive for it with the last particle of his vital strength without having it react upon him and gradually poison his own nature; and on the other hand, a man cannot, through weary weeks of unspoken anguish, fight bravely and with no thought of self for the safety of the woman he loves and for the preservation of his own honour and loyalty, without in the end being a better man for the struggle he has undergone. All of this the author has not only succeeded in saying, but on the whole, in spite of certain extravagances of incident, she has said it with a logical and commendable clearness.

"The Legacy"

The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts, is a somewhat exasperating book because, although the author is unquestionably a person possessed of ideas, she has not succeeded in conveying them to others. *The Legacy* shows that careful, deliberate sort of workmanship which in recent years has become rather rare; the physical traits of each character as well as each separate mental and moral characteristic are sketched in with a sort of lingering affection that reveals how very real and personal these people all seemed to their creator. There is besides a certain humorous and at the same time rather wistful recognition of human foibles and frailties which here and there lightens up a page, just as a sudden smile illumines a face habitually grave. Nevertheless, the fact remains that *The Legacy,* taken as a whole, is a grey, sombre, rather depressing book—and unfortunately there seems to be no useful purpose served by having made it so. Stripped of its inessentials, the story is a study in heredity. It takes a little girl at the early age when she is just awakening to a consciousness that her life is not like that of other children, that she is not merely living in respectable poverty, almost on the borderline of the city slums; but that she is destitute of playmates, that no one comes to the house to see her mother or her grandfather, that she has practically nobody with whom she may talk excepting

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the old family servant, who, with a curious pride of her own, insists upon remembering that she is a servant and prides herself on "keeping her place." From this starting-point the author carries us through the subsequent history of this little girl with a minute fidelity worthy of a Boswell. Unquestionably her heroine is an odd child, and her oddity follows her more or less throughout her life. But it is obviously the author's chief purpose to explain that oddity, to rob it of its last lingering vestige of the unusual, to make us think of it as simply the only logical, the only possible type of character that this particular child could have developed—and in order to accomplish this she makes us intimately acquainted with her heroine's genealogy to the third and fourth generation, showing us the various mingled strains, the clashing heredities from which she has sprung, until we can lay our finger on every separate molecule, physical, mental or moral, in her whole being, and say with confidence, "She got that from grandfather So-and-So," or "That's her great-aunt This-or-That all over again." Now there is in particular a certain female ancestor whose name is never mentioned within the family circle and whose picture on a certain sad day in the long-buried past was taken down from its hook and hidden from public gaze. It is this particular one of her forebears who by a whim of fate has bequeathed to her the legacy of her unforgotten beauty—and it is for this reason that the various members of the family eye the child suspiciously as she ripens into girlhood, magnify her small misdoings into capital crimes and darkly hint that she has inherited her great-grandmother's sinful nature as well as her good looks. Now all of this is wonderfully well done, the whole book tingles with actuality, the people are all quite as real as those with whom we daily touch shoulders in the jostling crowd of modern life. Yet at the same time it is all intensely depressing. It is a sort of apotheosis of foreordination. These people are all what they are, the author seems to say endlessly, not because of what they do nor of where they lived, but solely because of their heredity. Her heroine contracts a marriage which turns out badly, not because her husband is conspicuously unworthy of her, but because she has inherited, along with her legacy of beauty, an inability to care very deeply for anybody. And when this husband dies she marries again, this time a friend of her childhood, whose boyish kiss years ago filled her with a strange revolt and who now, the reader shrewdly suspects, is going to prove scarcely less distasteful to her—not through any fault of his own, but just because of her unfortunate heredity. There is no intention in this review to minimise the value of that rare quality, conscientious and intelligent artistry, only it does seem a pity that such very excellent and finished work should be expended upon a story that in the end does not seem to arrive anywhere, does not actually say anything of serious import.

"John Verney"

John Verney, by Horace Annesley Vachell, written without half the apparent effort and with a far more cheerful outlook upon life, nevertheless succeeds in giving the reader considerably more material for serious thought. In a broad, general way, the theme of the book is the relative value of honesty and of unscrupulousness in the big struggle for success. More specifically, it is the history of two men who were enemies in their school days, and who later find themselves rivals in love and in politics. One of these men, John Verney, has the advantages of birth and scholarship; but he is poor, his family estates are heavily mortgaged, and he himself is earning a humble salary as private secretary to a prominent statesman, with whose daughter he has rashly allowed himself to fall in love. The other man is without family or breeding, coarse-grained, without a sense of honour—but he has great wealth, and with it a certain magnetic force that dominates others, and wins for him, one after another, the things on which he has set his heart. There is only one way in which to beat the man who does not play a fair game, and that is to meet him with his own methods; but to this Verney will not stoop. And so he sees his rival and pretended friend out-manœuvre him in the game of love and the game of poli-

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tics, beat him at elections by a mere handful of votes, and become the affianced husband of the woman he thought was his—and all through a tissue of ingenious lies, which he might have publicly branded as such, had he only been willing to stoop to do so. Integrity, says Mr. Vachell, is no match for knavery in a hand-to-hand encounter; the one hope lies in the tendency that knavery has, sooner or later, to overreach itself. And that is precisely what happens in favour of John Verney. His adversary's own greed for fame and honours works his undoing, robs him of his seat in the House of Commons, and leaves him so conspicuously stripped of the last shreds of decency, that even the girl whom he has successfully blinded turns from him in disgust. *John Verney* cannot be accurately called an object-lesson in the old doctrine that honesty is the best policy; but it does teach that there is more lasting satisfaction in playing a losing game honestly than in winning by fraud, and that if sooner or later luck does give honesty the winning cards, the chances are that it will break the bank.

"Panther's Cub"

Panther's Cub, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, can hardly be credited with any higher purpose than to tell a clever story to the best of its clever authors' ability. Imagine what is known as the artistic temperament multiplied to its highest power in a famous opera singer; imagine her at the zenith of her power, flattered, courted, systematically spoiled by the public at large and by the favoured few in private; imagine further that she knows that her reign is nearing its end, that her violent bursts of temper, her furious, hysterical outbursts have often strained her vocal cords dangerously, that any day she may shriek out one imprecation too many and her wonderful voice will be a thing of the past. Now this human panther has a daughter, just budding into womanhood. She has been kept until now in convent schools; but at last the day has come when the mother is forced to have her with her. At first it suits the singer's mood to play the rôle of mother, to use her daughter's young, fresh beauty as a foil for her own. But soon she begins to realise that in the daughter she has a rival; and as the girl, quite unconsciously, steals her mother's prestige from her, the latter's fury gathers strength until the hour of the grim climax comes, and she knows that she will never sing another note. Such is at least one aspect of a book that has several sides, and a good many likable characters. Among others, there is the old German singing teacher, whom it is something of a joy to have known.

"The Green Curve"

There is a new writer of short stories of a rather sinister sort, who uses the odd pen name of Ole Lukoie, and has attracted considerable attention in England. The stories in question have been appearing in magazine form during the past five years, and are now gathered together in a single volume under the title of *The Green Curve,* the name being that of the opening story. Supposing that you were the commanding officer of a beleaguered town; that rations were running low, and you knew that no re-enforcements or additional supplies could by any possibility arrive for a definite and rather alarming number of days. Supposing that you had asked certain members of your staff to make an exhaustive estimate of the provisions on hand, and to prepare a chart showing by a series of curves just how long the supplies will hold out, first, if soldiers and civilians are alike put on rations just sufficient to preserve an effective working strength; secondly, if these rations are maintained for the soldiers, while the civilians are cut down to the smallest amount that will sustain life; thirdly, if soldiers and civilians are all similarly cut down to starvation rations; fourthly, if the civilians, the "useless mouths," are all turned out to starve, and the soldiers are kept on short rations. This chart, with its respective curves of red, blue, purple and green, show with mathematical grimness that it is only by the last method, only by following the green curve, there is any hope of the garrison holding out until relief arrives. There is no question that, as a soldier, the commander has no choice. It is his duty to hold the town at no matter what cost—the lives of a

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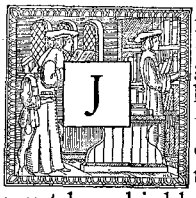
few citizens must not count. But even soldiers have their human weaknesses; and it is the human weakness of this particular commander that makes the story of "The Green Curve" the sort of story that somehow haunts the memory afterwards.

"Other Laws"

Other Laws, by John Parkinson, has nothing in its theme to recommend it. The story of a man and a woman who might have married and lived happily ever afterward excepting for the accidental report of the man's death, the woman's too great haste to believe the report, and her feverish attempt to forget her loss by marrying some one else, is all too hackneyed to raise even a passing thrill. John Parkinson, however, has succeeded in making a readable story, not because of his plot, but in spite of it. His hero delays marriage with the woman he loves, because he wishes first to complete certain explorations in Central Africa, to which he has pledged himself. Fully one-half of the book is concerned with his adventures in the African jungle; and the picture it gives of isolation and loneliness, of the heroic devotion of the scientific mind to the accomplishment of a fixed purpose; and of the way in which an unexpectedly awakened sympathy for a human delelict, a wretched white woman marooned, as it were, in one of the darkest corners of the dark continent, upsets all their carefully made calculations and has a wide reaching effect on other lives than their own. Regarding conventional English society, Mr. Parkinson, if we may judge by this book, has nothing of importance to say, but beyond the confines of civilisation he has a great deal to say and succeeds in saying it uncommonly well.

WHAT HAPPENS TO A MANUSCRIPT AFTER THE POSTMAN

BY HOMER CRAY



JACK LONDON during his early literary struggles in California, when he worked all day and wrote half the night, came to the conclusion that magazine editors must be a highly specialised and wonderful machine. He would take his beloved manuscript out to the mailbox on the corner, tenderly put it in, and in two or three weeks the mailman would open the hall door and throw it in with a cruel thud. After he had dropped it in the box the magazine cogs would work, deftly take his stamps, paste them on the corner of an envelope, insert a piece of paper that began, "We have examined your contribution with great pleasure, but—" and back the brain-child would be, an editorial prodigal with no fatted calf awaiting.

So it is with most new writers. The magazine sanctum is a mysterious bourne from which all manuscripts return. Even writers who have quit caressing their cheques have little or no knowledge of what goes on in a magazine office after a manuscript has made port. And contributors who array themselves in their holiday best and laud their wares to the editor in person have only the vaguest idea of the mill that grinds out the ultimatum. They know that if they wait a respectful number of hours and keep their hands off the telephone that one morning an envelope will be beside their eggs containing the edict. There knowledge withdraws in favour of speculation.

Budding geniuses like to tell themselves and each other that *David Harum* was refused seven times, and that full many a literary flower blooms unread in the editorial lair. That, with so many of our folk beliefs, must fall before the axe of truth, and by the way, *David Harum* was

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rewritten before it saw the light of type. *David Harums* happen only once in a decade or so, while authors who have had their novels refused seven times and then bring them out at their own cost never get the edition further than autographed copies. Although such a belief smooths over many a rough place veritas must reign. Still did the struggling unknowns appreciate the seeking, seeking, seeking that goes on in a magazine office for a "big" story they might gather courage and stamps.

The literary editor is the buffer between the ambitious attic and the cold, calculating "chief"—as the editor-in-chief is known behind the frosted doors. He is the cog that pastes the stamps on so neatly. He is the editorial Sherlock Holmes always on the trail of a "big" manuscript. And when the big manuscript is run to earth his is the bounding heart. Even at the fag end of the day his eyes light up, and he goes scurrying over the office proclaiming the news.

Recently the literary editor of a magazine that is to be found on nearly every reading table in the land came in after noon, sat down and began running through a weary pile of manuscripts. Leaning back, he began nibbling here and there in one; suddenly he began to devour. Finishing, he laid the story tenderly aside, arose and put on his hat. "I have found a big story, a really big, gripping story from a name I never saw before," he announced. "I am going home. I couldn't stand two such finds in a day." And home he did go with free and light heart.

Always does the still hunt go on. No chance is taken for a big manuscript to drop through the editorial sieve. This statement makes the beginner lift his nose scornfully, no doubt, but true it is.

When a manuscript arrives in most of the big offices the date of receiving is stamped on the envelope, and a small card with the author's name and address, and the title of the story or article is made out and filed away. Then a sheet of paper called the criticism slip is filled out with the author's name, his address, or the address of his agent and fastened on the manuscript by a clip. On the slip is also typewritten by the entering clerk the nature of the manuscript—whether it is fiction, a special, verse, juvenile, or just what. Now the manuscript with the criticism slip on it is put on the desk of the literary editor along with a high pile of brother and sister manuscripts. When the literary editor draws up his chair before his desk in the morning he sighs once and dives into the stock of near-literature. He is the first hopper.

How he reads these manuscripts depends altogether on himself. Each literary editor is a law unto himself. Generally a glance at a manuscript determines half its fate. Fully ninety out of a hundred manuscripts bear incriminating evidence on their face. Their appearance convicts them. Not that only one out of ten manuscripts is a good one, but that only one out of ten has a chance of acceptance at that particular magazine. The camel can make the eye of the needle much easier than an essay on Etruscan art can the finals in an all-fiction magazine. Half of the manuscripts are condemned before the author drops them in the mailbox. He is merely helping along the postal revenue fund. Uncle Sam gets most of his profits from young authors who never study a magazine deeper than the cover.

Now the literary editor has put aside ten out of the hundred manuscripts; the rest have got the editorial hook. These ten manuscripts he reads over very thoroughly, going back and matching the introduction with the end, inspecting the literary ligaments and structural bones. Then he writes his opinion on the slip, and signs his name, or initials. These are actual examples:

Long, weak introduction. Of no interest to women.

Many fine lines in this, but the characters aren't real. Author should be encouraged.

A touching story of the heart. Characters ring true; plot sane and consistent. I am for it.

Then the manuscript begins to travel around the office, passing from one reader or sub-editor to another, each one in turn putting his opinion on the slip in as few words as possible. All magazines desire at least one woman's

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verdict on a manuscript, and as many more as possible. Two-thirds of a popular magazine is just a guess at what the women like to read. Often a humble stenographer can give an opinion on a manuscript that comes as near striking twelve as that of a spectacled editor. She might not know a fig's worth about the theory of a short story, or the working principle of a special article, but she speaks up for the women, and the women are the ones who come down on the counter with the fifteen cents.

Now that the literary editor has set his standard of value on the manuscript the candidate makes the rounds of the office, each reader recording his opinion. Sometimes a criticism of the story is offered, sometimes a method of improvement suggested, but often in fiction where the effect is from the whole the bare word "Yes," or "No" suffices.

The fewest number of opinions any of the larger magazines offer before it goes to the "chief" for its fate is three. From that the number runs up to six or seven.

With its credentials on its opinion sheet the manuscript is handed to the editor-in-chief. His yea or nay is final; the manuscript hangs or goes to print by his word.

Even when the manuscript is returned the opinion slip is carefully filed away. These slips are kept for months and years. If the editor wishes the article rewritten, and the author complies, the original slip is pinned to the manuscript again when it comes back, to see how the new manuscript compares with the old one.

Jack London—back to him again—once said that the manuscript of a new author did not meet fair treatment, citing his own case where a thirty-five cent magazine asked for another reading of a story of his two years after he had first submitted it. He sent it back without a change, and it was accepted. His point was that his name was selling the story on its second audience. Not at all. As a matter of fact the magazine in question had more of the struggle and strife stories than it could handle at the time the manuscript first arrived, and when an opening came it merely asked for a reconsideration, for it wished to round out a fall number and it could not get its hands on a moving story of the open. It is hard to sell sweet apples in the fall.

A magazine office is like Abdul Hamid's palace of Yildiz: there are spies everywhere, all trained, whose bread and butter depend on the keenness of their eyes; and however innocent a manuscript may look it is searched and shadowed to see if it has anywhere about it that high power explosive—life. If the manuscript is even suspected a description of it is filed away, and a sharp watch kept on the author!

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

After the manner of the good old weekly newspaper of the home town, we shall begin *Bookman Brevities* for this month by chronicling, in a haphazard way, the movements of certain American men and women whose names are more or less well known to the reading public.

Kate Douglas Wiggin returned from Europe in June and is at her country place in Hollis, Maine, for the summer. Miss Mary Johnston sailed in June for a summer's holiday in Europe. With her three sisters as companions, she contemplated travelling through Holland, Brittany and the Pyrenees, returning to this country the last of December. Montague Glass, author of the *Potash and Perlmutter* stories, is spending his summer in Switzerland. Mrs. Corra Harris, author of *The Circuit Rider's Wife,* is in Spain. After having been for some time in Spain Frederick Townsend Martin, the author of *The Passing of the Idle Rich,*

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has gone to Paris to spend the remainder of the summer.

Gertrude Atherton returned recently from a long residence in Europe, with the conviction that America after all is the best place for work. She is in San Francisco, California, engaged in writing her next novel. Mrs. Atherton, by the way, regards Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, as "having the best brain I ever knew." Justus Miles Forman sailed for Europe in time to miss the Coronation, and will spend most of the summer in Belgium and Paris. Hulbert Footner, author of *Two on the Trail,* has deserted civilisation again and is now in the wildnerness of the Canadian Northwest.

Stewart Edward White, according to the latest reports, is still hunting big game in Africa, for which continent he sailed last autumn. By way of contrast, Miss Carolyn Wells is spending her summer in Rahway, New Jersey. Richard Harding Davis is, we believe, somewhere in Europe.

We regret to record the death, early last month, of Vaughan Kester, the author of *The Prodigal Judge.*

Barnabe Rudge, a French translation of Dickens's novel, is now to be had in Paris, in two volumes, at two francs.

Max Pemberton lives in an old country house in the quiet Suffolk country in England. Thackeray used to visit at this house, which contains a portrait of Charles II, who was once its guest, and a Wordsworth wood adjoins.

Mark A. De Wolfe Howe, author of *Phillips Brooks, Life and Letters of Bancroft,* is at work on a life of Bishop Hare, the apostle to the Sioux, which will be published in the autumn.

Alfred Ollivant, author of *Bob, Son of Battle,* has written a new novel entitled *The Taming of John Blunt,* which will be published in September.

Returning to the characters of *Robert Elsmere,* Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, *The Case of Richard Meynell,* which will be published in book form in the fall by Doubleday, Page and Company.

A novel by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled *The Secret Garden,* will be published on the 25th of next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. In September the same house will bring out a long novel by Robert Hichens, called *The Fruitful Vine.* It is a story of modern Rome. There will also be *Pandora's Box,* a new novel by John A. Mitchell, author of *Amos Judd.*

Sturgis and Walton will soon bring out a translation of Romain Rolland's *Tolstoy: His Life and Work.* Rolland has been a devoted student of Tolstoy ever since the first appearance in French of the latter's works. The forthcoming biography, recently published in the original, gives a general view of Tolstoy, his environment and achievement, from youth to old age.

Among their works of fiction for the coming season Henry Holt and Company will have a new novel by William De Morgan, entitled *Bianca,* to be published in October, and the second volume of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe,* to appear in November. The first volume of the English translation of this novel was issued last winter and contained the first four books of the work, which will be complete in ten books. This first volume gave the adventures of Jean, the musician-hero, up to the time of his flight from his native country, Germany, to France. The three books given in the second volume are entitled: *The Market Place, Antoinette, The House.*

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Jack Ballinger, Forrester. Moore. (Winston.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Napoleon, King of Elba. Gruyer. (Lippincott.) $3.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Tales from the Old French. Butler. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Miss Billy. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. An Ardent American. Codman. (Century Co.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Tennesse Shad. Johnson. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Donkey John of the Toy Valley. Morley. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Keeping up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Log of North Shore Club. Alexander. (Putnam.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. Brentano. $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Harper's Camping and Scouting Series. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Keeping up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke.) $2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces in Society. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Essays on the Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. To Love and to Cherish. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Three Weeks in the British Isles. Higginbotham. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Dorothy Dainty Series. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. The Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. What Pictures to See in Europe. Bryant. (John Lane.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Trails of the Pathfinders. Grinnell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Dawn of the Morning. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Wise. (Bell.) $2.00.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50 cents.
4. The Cradle of the Republic. Tyler. (Hermitage Press.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers Kidnapped. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Deeds of Daring Done by Girls. Moore. (Stokes.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Flying Boys in the Sky. Ellis. (Winston.) $1.00.
3. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Prejudices. Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Five Gallons of Gasoline. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.

Juveniles

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Visioning. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Three Plays by Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.20.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

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4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Lawton. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Right and Wrong Thinking and Their Results. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.40.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Airship Boys in Finance. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Winning his "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Patty's Success. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Prejudices. Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Claw. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
4. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Prince or Chauffeur. Perry. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Maude Baxter. Hotchkiss. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Phœbe and Ernest. Gilmore. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Cosy Corner Story Book. (Doran.) $1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Batcheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Moving Finger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Love Under Fire. Parish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod.) $1.25.
5. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. My First Summer in the Sierra. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Out Door Chums on the Gulf. Allen. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. My First Summer in the Sierra. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Goose Village. Bigham. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin)	311
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill)	198
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown)	196
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper)	142
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin)	114
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page)	66

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